

JUNE 1959—35c

The SIGN

National Catholic Magazine

BELLEVUE'S FIRST NUN-INTERN

Page 47

BERLIN'S DEFIANT YOUNG CARDINAL

by ROBERT RIGBY

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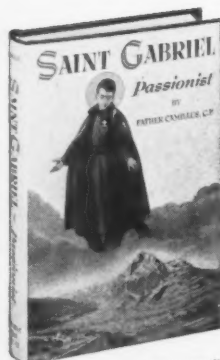
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Letters

LAY MISSIONARIES

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed your article "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries." . . . (April)

JEAN LAPICH

DETROIT, MICH.

The article, in the April issue of THE SIGN, "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries," by Douglas J. Roche, was most inspiring. It gave me the urge, after reading THE SIGN for over thirty years, to write to my favorite Catholic magazine on the important question of Catholic Education. These lay missionaries seem to have absorbed the real depth and breadth of Catholic education. Not only have they absorbed the full spirit of Catholic philosophy, but they are also putting this knowledge into practice. This is most encouraging, with all the confusion in the world, even in Catholic circles—we must realize, it's later than we think.

PETER J. COMERFORD

FLUSHING, N. Y.

I was most pleased to see an article on Catholic lay missionaries in your April issue. This is a subject that should be given much more prominence in the Catholic press. Before your article appeared I had never seen this apostolate featured in any way. Moreover, until a few months ago when a picture of a young married couple was published in the *Alamo Messenger*, San Antonio's archdiocesan weekly, whose caption identified the couple as members of AID, I had never dreamed that such an apostolate existed for Catholics. That picture was the first indication of such a program.

I am happy that finally the lay missionaries have received publicity that will enable others to learn of their work and to increase their numbers.

ERNEST E. ST. LAURENT

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS

I enjoyed "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries," by Douglas J. Roche, in your April issue. As a Newman Chaplain at the University of New Mexico, I am wondering if reprints are available . . .

FR. BARTHOLOMEW RYAN, O.P.
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Would you do me the kindness of sending a couple of reprints on your article, in the April, 1959 issue of THE SIGN, on lay apostolate in two parts—story on new boom in lay missionaries and photo story on Grail in Egypt. Can use these very well in international student apostolate, catechetical instruction on Church in our time, and general career counseling. Thank you very much. Will gladly accept charge, if necessary, for several reprint copies on this good article.

WALTER J. STINSON

MARYKNOLL SEMINARY

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Could you let me know whether or not you will be making reprints of the features in the April issue concerning lay missionaries.

Congratulations on THE SIGN. We enjoy it and find it consistently stimulating.

DAVID O'SHEA
CATHOLIC ACTION FEDERATIONS
CHICAGO, ILL.

Reprints of "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries" have been ordered by, and sent to, Mr. Gerald F. Mische, Director, Association for International Development, 374 Grand St., Paterson 1, N. J.

Also, an adaptation of this article has been ordered and sent in reprint form to Miss Dolores Elise Brien, The Grail, 308 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn 5, New York.

The Grail has also ordered and been sent reprints of "Grail's Gail on the River Nile."

Both Mr. Mische and Miss Brien have assured us they will be glad to fulfill requests for the reprints from their stocks.

Thank you for your wonderful coverage on Gail Malley, (THE SIGN, April), one of our members. The story was comprehensive, accurate, and warm, a joy to read, and the pictures were especially good.

GERTRUDE E. MORRIS
THE GRAIL
LOVELAND, OHIO

WYOMING VALLEY

I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my sincere appreciation for your publishing the poem "Strip Mining: Wyoming Valley." (April) It was a masterful composition. One can readily sense the inward apprehension of the author and share it quite fully with her. The valley, once supreme in splendor, is threatened with utter decay by this cancerous farce. Expanded publication of this poem could lead to affirmative and corrective legislation. From one who has spent most of his life in Wyoming Valley, I say "well done" to our author.

LEO J. JARDAN
BALTIMORE, Md.

TO KATHERINE BURTON

In March—I found, in the February issue, your "Woman to Woman" essay entitled "Something Humorous" . . . and enjoyed it so much I felt I had to tell you.

Yet, my first impulse to address you was prompted by a resentment toward the someone who wrote to you suggesting that you had been serious too long.

In all the years I have "known" you, I've thought your articles objective and interesting, even perhaps humorous in the subtle manner that might be missed by "someone."

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Anyway, I was amused and delighted with your account of your entry in a slogan contest.

And all in all, Mrs. Burton, I'd say you've really produced a winner!

MISS MARGARET B. MCGEE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

I found that the article about Greenwich Village in the April issue of THE SIGN was interesting and informative. I feel, however, that author Lomask neglected to mention one of the largest and oldest institutions in this area—Saint Vincent's Hospital run by the Sisters of Charity. As a student of the nursing school, I feel that the hospital on Seventh Avenue and Eleventh Street should be included as one of the integral parts of the Village.

NANCY KELLY, S.N.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

COMMUNISM

The articles entitled "The Real Communist Secret Weapon—Disciplined Unity" and "The Free World Must Stand Firm," in the March issue of THE SIGN, underline again the struggle against Communism facing the Free World.

We might say, and I believe history will substantiate it, that the present struggle had its beginning in Spain between 1936-1939. The Communists knew that the successful penetration of Western Europe depended on the conversion of the Spanish. When they failed and lost a people who espouse a cause, they turned to the Orient.

The Communists did not let Spain remain a dead issue because of the military setback. They sought, through the United Nations, to bring Spain to her knees. The multitude of resolutions adopted in the United Nations attest to this. We can see how all the Free World was hoodwinked.

Economic aid to the various nations after World War II passed Spain by at a time when she needed it. Why? Communism is again the answer.

The history of this one country underlines the Disciplined Unity of Communism and the concentration of its propaganda beclouding the issues so that many ignorantly aid the cause. The push for admission of Red China in the United Nations underscores it again.

BROTHER LEWIS JAMES, C.S.C.
ALBANY, N. Y.

THE DIFFICULT WORDS

"God is a Difficult Word" in the January issue of THE SIGN is charmingly written, but the things said about the sign language and the teaching of religion to deaf children are so wrong and so unfair.

True, speech and lip-reading are marvelous accomplishments for one born deaf. But they are inadequate for most deaf people. Lip-reading can never take the place of hearing when a mere 40 per cent of speech is visible on the lips.

Deaf children should be taught speech and lip-reading to the greatest possible extent, but they should not be denied

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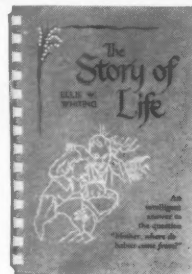
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REACTIONS OF LITTLE ONES

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Many priests have recommended "The Story of Life"

Excerpts from The Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus, will save teenagers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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the use of their native tongue—the sign—whenever these are necessary.

Deaf people themselves feel keenly their need of the sign language. Those deaf who learned only speech and lip-reading in school invariably learn the signs in later life.

At least 98 per cent of priests who work with the deaf insist upon the necessity of the sign language, especially in teaching religion.

An experienced teacher of the deaf,
MARGARET PETER
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The January, 1959 issue of **THE SIGN** has been received, recorded, and read. I should have written "read" in caps, because, as Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, everyone was interested in the article about our Institute in St. Louis county where Kathy Reilly goes to school. In fact, the Sister shown with Kathy and I are products of the same parish and high school.

SISTER MARY DOLORINE, C.S.J.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE SIGN AND UNIONS

I object to **THE SIGN's** editorials on labor. There have been three or four that have really got under my skin. You are always quick to point out that all labor unions aren't bad. (Is there anyone who thinks they all are?) Yet, in one editorial you speak of how management exploited labor in the old days. You don't mention any exceptions here, though. I can't believe that all capitalists in those days were men without consciences.

There is a lot of union corruption in the world today. . . .

Because of the rank-and-file labor man, corruption and racketeers have taken over many unions. Whose fault is it? Not his, implies **THE SIGN**. You can't blame labor, it maintains. **THE SIGN** seems to say, "If you can't punish the crooks without leaving the union alone, don't do anything."

Even though what I've said applies only to the vast majority, I think unions should be made to suffer for the monsters they've created. . . .

DISGUSTED LOW-PAID WORKINGMAN
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Regarding your editorial "The Sign and the Unions," you claim that you have not ignored labor's faults. I will grant that you have exposed racketeering and open Communism in unions and have done a very good job. This is all well and good and a step in the right direction, but there is more to the labor picture than this.

While not openly supporting him, by ignoring the actions of Walter Reuther while exposing the racketeers in our unions, you have played right into the hands of the irresponsible redhead of the UAW. All the unions which have been exposed by the McClellan committee were the anti-Reuther, conservative, pro-Meany unions. The McClellan committee, and particularly Bob Kennedy, have treated Reuther like a sacred cow. . . .

EARL WILLIAMS
AUSTIN, TEXAS
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Editor's page

Our Mission Work

ONLY RARELY do we publish material on the foreign missions in *THE SIGN*. This isn't because we don't recognize their great importance to the Church. It is because there are so many excellent mission magazines covering the field. Occasionally one hears the remark that there are too many of them. Considering the importance of the work they are doing, there are too few.

In 1958 the Passionists took over a mission area in the Philippines. A few weeks ago our Provincial Superior, Very Rev. Father Ernest Welch, returned from a visitation of the missions in this territory. Usually statistics are boring. Those he reported struck us as both interesting and enlightening. Here are a few, just as he gave them, for various towns on his trip from north to south:

Marbel: Four priests, 8 Brothers, and 5 Sisters. In this area there are 38,000 people, 85 per cent of whom are Catholic. Attendance at Sunday Mass—2500.

Banga: Two priests. Population of the town and surrounding villages, 35,000, of whom 85 per cent are Catholic. Attendance at Sunday Mass in the main church—1000. One priest works among the half-savage aborigines, who marry at 8 years of age.

Tupi: One priest, 16,000 people, 75 per cent Catholic. Attendance at Sunday Mass—450.

Polomolok: One priest, 35,000 people, 98 per cent Catholic. Church accommodates 1000.

Dadiangas: Two priests, 20,000 people, about 4500 practicing Catholics.

Glan: One priest, 20,000 people, 95 per cent Catholic. Attendance at Sunday Mass—600.

Norala: One priest, 15,000 people, 90 per cent Catholic. Attendance at Sunday Mass—500.

It is the same story for the other missions of this territory.

The reason for this poor showing? Lack of instruction. The reason for the lack of instruction? Lack of personnel—priests, Brothers, and Sisters—and lack of resources.

We give these figures as a sample of what needs to be done in just one territory, and this is an area which is nominally Catholic.

Under the direction of the Holy See, we Passionists have been taking an increasingly greater role in the work of foreign missions. Besides missions in Japan and the Philippines and work among the

Negroes in the South, Passionists have missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., Peru, the Belgian Congo, Tanganyika, Indonesia, Sweden, Bechuanaland, New Guinea, Bulgaria, and Bolivia. We have been driven from our mission in Yuanling, China, by the Reds.

Our Lord said, "The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few." He could repeat those words with equal force today. It is estimated that the population of the world is 2,640,000,000—497,000,000 Catholics, 129,000,000 Schismatics, 208,000,000 Protestants, and 1,806,000,000 non-Christians. That means that after nearly 2000 years, Catholics are less than one-fifth of the world's people, and many of them need evangelization almost as much as the non-Christians.

What can the lay Catholic do to further the work of the missions?

All should support generously the work of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This Society is an official organ of the Holy See. It provides funds which the Holy Father distributes to missionaries throughout the world, particularly to those from the poorer countries which can provide but little money.

HELP IN every way possible the mission societies, whether they be Maryknollers, Jesuits, Columban Fathers, Passionists, or any of those working in this field. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith supplies only an insignificant fraction of their needs. They could not continue their work if this were their only source of income. They have been assigned their missions by the Holy Father, and he expects the American societies to provide missionaries and most of their needs.

Lay people can pray for the missions, inform themselves on this great work of the Church through the mission magazines, and help to foster vocations in order to increase the number of those working in the missions as priests, Brothers, and Sisters. Some may even feel called to join the ever-increasing list of lay apostles who are devoting a few years or a lifetime to missionary work.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

The world is becoming image conscious. Everyone talks of images. The movie makers of images, the ad men, the propagandists, the social analysts, and the educators with their

The Battle of the Images

emphasis on visual education, all appear to be heavily engaged in manufacturing images in order to convey their various messages. They appear to have discovered that no longer is it the hand that rocks the cradle which rules the world but rather that the man who controls the images in the minds of the masses controls the world. Men hate or love people, places, and things, according to the mental images they have formed of them.

The social analysts seem to have become acutely aware of the fact that we tend to act according to these images in our mind. Does Junior break out in a rash when Dad comes home at night? Better find out Junior's hidden image of his Dad. (The emphasis seems to have shifted from Dad to the images people have of him.) Does the secretary hate her job? She had better check the image she has consciously or unconsciously formed of it. Are Management and Labor at loggerheads? Get at the problem by discovering what images they have formed of one another. Europe's image of America, America's image of Russia, Communists' image of capitalists, Arabs' image of Israeli are all currently being investigated.

The current shift of emphasis from ideas to images is symptomatic of a mentally flabby age. Ideas are born in the intellect. Images are produced in a warm imagination of flesh and blood. Philosophers love ideas. Children prefer images. It is a human thing for every man to clothe his ideas in images—and even get his ideas from images.

There is really no necessary conflict between ideas and images. Both are windows of the soul. A man looks at the world through his ideas and images. Both image and idea can help us see the truth—see reality. Unfortunately, both image and idea can become a dirty window bringing horrible distortions and foul error into the mind.

You would think, in view of the importance of these ideas and images, that the average man would be at least as concerned with what goes into his mind as with what goes into his soup. The man in the street will protest vigorously if someone throws garbage into his soup. But the same man will read books, look at pictures, watch television, sit passively before motion pictures and often without the least discrimination as to what images are setting themselves up in his mind.

We agree with Edward R. Murrow when he says that the nation today is in grave danger and yet between 8 and 11 every evening vast numbers sit before their television sets and feed on images which, instead of helping people see truth, only tend to insulate them from the great realities of the world in which they live.



Msgr. Joseph E. Schieder, NCWC youth director, talks with teen-agers during a Kansas City, Mo., workshop preparing for National Catholic Youth convention in the fall. Delinquents get the spotlight, but there are many more teen-agers doing a good job of growing up properly

RELIGIOUS NEWS

In his excellent book *The Image Industries*, Father William Lynch, S. J., rightly complains that the image industries in America depend on a few men, a few ideas, a few images and deplores the manner in which the culture of America is victimized by "a plague of idea men of very minor competence." In the battle of images waged by commercial firms for rival products, the ad men of Madison Avenue often display callous irresponsibility for truth. Advertising is, in itself, an honorable and important public service. When some ad men concentrate on planting images favorable to their product in the minds of the public, regardless of the real worth of their product, they are guilty of grave disservice to the people. Just what image of America have these ad men in their own minds? From Hollywood to Madison Avenue there seems to be a widely dispersed image that Americans are a group of semimoronic, sensual, egoistic, erotic aborigines who have suddenly acquired a veneer of civilization and now are able to know the price of everything and the value of nothing. The man in the street is the main target for these insolent "images" and it's time he fought back in this battle of the images—in that area where Madison Avenue and Hollywood are most sensitive.

Recently a letter crossed our desk containing a story which was almost unbelievable as reflecting 1959 conditions. The author, a reputable lawyer, was writing about the laundry

The Forgotten Poor

industry in a metropolitan area of one million persons. He wrote: "There are workers in the industry whose pay scale has fallen as low as 29½ cents an hour. There are numerous other workers, women entrusted with the management of store operations, whose pay scale is just 50 cents an hour."

He told of mothers who, "in a multitude of cases, support one to two children on pittance of less than \$30. to \$35. per week." He asserted that this "cannot help but create an environment and atmosphere which breed the corruption and the delinquency with which our society is beset. These are good people, honest people, hard-working people. Their employers have set up a granite wall and refused even to discuss the plight of these people with the legitimate trade unionists who represent them."

Not long after this letter was received, the nation's press carried similar stories about workers employed in carwash shops in Detroit and elsewhere. We also know of the pitiful wages paid to migratory farm workers, some of whom receive less than the 50 cents an hour guaranteed to Mexican contract labor.

It would be easy, but fruitless, to stir up emotional reactions to these facts. We could write about "sheets stained with the blood of exploited workers" and "delinquency in your market basket." But indignation of this type tends to be transitory. What is needed is something much more penetrating and enduring.

In planning remedies we should bear in mind three things: First of all, we must realize that American labor is not a uniform group. There is no *economic* similarity between well-paid craftsmen of the organized workers in heavy industry, on the one hand, and the unorganized, often unskilled workers who are victims of such cruelly low wages.

Secondly, we need not assume that employers in such situations are necessarily heartless exploiters. They may be forced by competition to pay inhuman wages, with the alternative being to go out of business.

Thirdly, workers in such occupations generally are those who are handicapped in some way. They may have physical or mental limitations. Some lack education. They may be

PEOPLE ON THE GO ARO

Royalty and revolutionaries, retarded children and African leaders, Tibetan monks and foreign ministers—a cross section of the world has been in mo-



The Queen Mother of England and Princess Margaret ignored a hollow protest at home and paid formal visit to Pope John XXIII, strengthening Vatican-Britain tie



Kenya's Tom Mboya, right, chairman of All-African Peoples' Conference, urged world fight on want and ignorance during visit to U.S. Former baseball star Jackie Robinson, left, and Michigan's Gov. Williams welcomed Mboya to African Freedom Day program

Touching scenes permeated Cardinal Cushing's pilgrimage of 63 retarded and handicapped children to Lourdes. Youngsters spent a week praying for peace, South America, and all exceptional children. As the Cardinal told his flock: "God love our precious tots!"

0 AROUND THE WORLD

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tion in the past few weeks. The peoples of the world are coming to know one another better; history is being recorded at a faster pace than ever before.



UPI

UPI
ret
visit
tie

Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, conferring with the President, had no time to "work into" his job, instead had to rush off to critical meetings. He will need every ounce of his qualifications to lead the U.S. against the Soviet in the summit contest



UPI

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UPI

Cuba's Castro is a successful revolutionary, but so far he looks anything but good as a government leader. His casual attitude to Communists in Cuba is either naïve or stupid. Let's hope some of Lincoln's sagacity rubbed off during U.S. visit



GILLOON



Neutralist Asia has firsthand evidence of Red treachery, with the rape of Tibet, the "Hungary" of Asia. The Dalai Lama, left, testified to religious persecution forcing his flight to India. The phoney Buddhist leader, Panchen Lama, above, headed for Peking to cozy up to Chou En-lai

WIDE WORLD

penalized for belonging to a racial or national minority. Hence the indicated remedies may often be social as well as economic.

These facts point up the need for two types of state laws, since many of these occupations are not covered by federal law. One is a state wage and hour law. The other is a state labor-relations law which will protect such workers in their effort to organize into unions.

Such laws, and other remedies needed, can come only as a result of public pressure intelligently exercised. To obtain this pressure, in turn, the public needs to know the facts. A crusading newspaper could tell how the "other half" lives and why such poverty exists.

If this is not feasible in a given area, then the situation could be a challenge to service clubs, and men's and women's organizations, to find and publicize the facts. This should be followed up by careful study of remedies and persistent action to bring about reform. In such matters we are definitely "our brothers' keepers."

Christian A. Herter, the new Secretary of State, has come to his post at a time when the Free World is anxiously listening for clear sounds from the trumpet of leadership. Even

Western Leadership At Stake

before "Old Inflexible," Mr. Dulles, had stepped down, the British press had hailed the February visit of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan to Moscow as an event of great importance whereby Mr. Macmillan had emerged as the new leader of the West. In language somewhat balder, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, in a CBS television interview on April 29, remarked that American leadership had been "suspect" for several years and that currently "leadership is passing to the British." Considering the present uncertainty, and the eminent stature of former Secretary of State Dulles, Mr. Herter finds himself confronted with a mighty task in seeking to maintain international peace while the Soviets strain their utmost to wreck any plan for international order except that of a universal Communist society. He has the good will of the American people supporting him. We hope that he will be guided by principles and not be too impressed by the "flexible" expedience of British public opinion.

Mr. Dulles possessed a broad vision of law and justice, of international order and the interdependence of nations. Moreover, he had a profound sense of moral principle, for which he was often roundly condemned by fuzzy "liberals" who think of every problem in terms of sheer expediency. Any man with such a profound sense of moral principle knows that there is something in life more precious than life itself. It was this concept which at times led Mr. Dulles to carry his policy "to the brink." It was this conviction which caused the Freedom Fighters of Hungary to erupt in angry rebellion against diabolical tyranny. It was this conviction which made the Tibetan peasants and monks rise up against mighty odds in quest of liberty of spirit. It was this conviction which made Patrick Henry cry out "liberty or death!" It is this same profound truth, that there are some things to be cherished above life itself, which lies at the base of Our Lord's statement: "He that shall save his life shall lose it. He that loses his life for My sake, shall save it."

If we confront the Russians with a mere desire to have "peace," if we are guided by a conviction that we must avoid war at any cost, no matter what sacrifice of principle, then surely the Soviet menace, with all its brutal materialism, will sweep up the leavings of an effete Western civilization.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

Dating. On page forty-three, there is an article about a code for teen-agers. Those interested in the article may be interested in the following prayer. It was adopted by 300 members of CONTACT, a city-wide, high-school, Catholic Action movement in Minneapolis. It is to be recited before going on a date.

"O Mary, Mother of us all, you have taught us the meaning of true friendship by your constant concern for helping and pleasing others, primarily your own Divine Son. Your life is a perfect example of genuine interest, generosity, courtesy, warmth, and unselfishness.

"Mary, help us to make this date strengthen true friendship in our hearts. Only then will it be worthy to be offered to your Son as a pledge of our respect for Him and for each other. Help us to be an occasion of grace to each other and to all who share these hours with us. Protect us, body and soul. Make us aware of the presence of God in one another.

"Keep us chaste, O Virgin most pure.

"Make us wise, O Virgin most prudent.

"Brighten our date with laughter, O Cause of our Joy.

"We will then be richer in mind and heart for we have shared each other's company. We will be strengthened in true friendship for you, for your Son, and for each other, through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Necessary Question. *The Bishop of Essen, Germany, urged employers not to allow automation to override man's dignity. "We should not make inventions, should not raise the output, or realize automation and rationalization without asking the question: 'What is best for him who has to live in this industrialized, technical world?' This question is important if we are to preserve an awareness of man's human dignity in the face of the ever-increasing use and development of machines. The Bishop added: "We should not forget that the workers are not only our employees, but also fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons. The Church feels responsible for these people."*

Avalanche of Affluence. Are we a nation of social leapfrogs? A horrible portrait of America emerges out of *The Status Seekers*, by Vance Packard (author of *The Hidden Persuaders*), whose theme this time is the pursuit of status by millions of prosperous Americans. The Hindu caste system pales compared to the class snobbery in Packard's analysis. If the American people actually regard a stockbroker as belonging to the highest status group and a coal miner as belonging to the seventh and lowest group, then the country's really in bad shape. Christian civilization is based on an aristocracy of virtue, not social status. As long as a few old-fashioned people can hang onto this concept, there's room for hope.

Carefree Lovers. One might gather from reading the marriage-advice columns that crises of one sort or another are par for the marital vocation. That's why we offered a silent three cheers for the unnamed heroine quoted in the syndicated column of Msgr. Irving A. DeBlanc, NCWC's Family Life Director: "I have no complaints about my marriage. I have no questions to ask about any troubles. My husband and I are as happy as we can be. . . . But yes, I do have a question. Are we normal?" It is a reflection on our times when normalcy is suspect. Happily, Msgr. DeBlanc chose the occasion to point out that this couple is the rule, rather than the exception. Marriage was intended as a blessing, not a curse. Lovetime is forever; that's what makes marriage click.

What's Next for 'Malik the Good'?

by EDWARD WAKIN

*Charles Malik of Lebanon:
"There is too much softness, comfort,
complacency, indecision . . ."*

The world is a workshop
for the U.N. Assembly's president

THE EDITOR of *Al-Hoda*, New York's daily Arabic newspaper, recently wrote a tongue-in-cheek headline, the point of which was immediately appreciated by his readers: MALIK WELCOMED IN MOSCOW. The reference was to the "good Malik," Charles Habib, as distinguished from Russia's former United Nations delegate, Jacob Alexandrovitch.

A Moscow welcome for Dr. Charles Malik of Lebanon is as unlikely as the other Malik's surrender of Russia's veto powers in the U.N. But Moscow, Idaho (population 10,593), is another matter. Like many other U.S. cities, it listened to a voice currently heard with enthusiasm throughout the land—from conventions of home builders



to convocations at great universities.

Until the Marines landed in Lebanon last summer, the man and his eloquence were probably better known in America than the country he has represented in Washington and at the United Nations since 1945. Now at the peak of his international career as president of the U.N.'s thirteenth General Assembly, Dr. Malik has expanded his eloquence to Olympian proportions.

He has been energetically expounding a Christian-democratic vision of life that has the ring of philosophy and the impact of rhetoric. Probably more than any other world figure, Dr. Malik has been weaving the fabric of Christianity and democracy into dynamic terms. He seems almost engrossed in a role larger than the realities of his position.

The 53-year-old man behind the role is largely a philosopher, often a diplomat, slightly a politician, usually a teacher. He is also a prophet with more impact in the rarefied corridors of the U.N. than in the parliament of his own country.

Like his native Lebanon, he combines a flavor of East and West, possibly with no more emphatic juxtaposition than in the exclusive lounge of New York's Harvard Club. Sitting there nodding to fellow alumni, Malik (M.A., 1934; Ph.D., 1937) ordered tea—"very hot, please"—and talked in animated fits and starts, reacted to remarks by slapping his listener on the shoulder, interrupted his philosophizing with anecdotes and, when necessary, dodged undiplomatic questions.

"The basic truth today," Malik has declared in recent addresses, "is that there is an inescapable confrontation between Communism and the rest of the world calling for historic decision, and I am not sure the effective forces of freedom are sufficiently aware of what is at stake, nor whether they are adequately prepared, on every level of human existence, to meet the challenge."

"There is too much softness, comfort, complacency, indecision, drift. . . . A vision of something great and tremendous, a call to a heroic mission, the challenge of a truly universal message—this is what is required today and this, alas, is what is lacking. The immediate situation, then, presents the aspect of a final and total judgment: everything is being weighed—one's life, one's values, and one's culture, the

vitality of the whole civilization to which one belongs."

He outlines the five faces of "our age of crisis" as:

► Triumph of technology in multiplying goods and gadgets and bringing peoples "almost too close together for comfort and peace of mind";

► "Absolute dimension" of the destructiveness of war;

► Communist threat to the entire world;

► Rise of Asia and Africa, "staggering in its political and moral dimensions";

► Radical anti-intellectualism.

Malik has found Middle Eastern politics less exalted than his ideas, and he has been denounced by his critics as the "empty-headed Americanized man" and as the exponent of a "more-American-than-the-Americans" policy. He is accused of accepting the Eisenhower doctrine with more enthusiasm than President Eisenhower, whose promise of aid against Red aggression was vaguely worded. Malik has been caricatured in newspaper cartoons as a clown juggling coins marked with dollar signs. During the Lebanese controversy over U.S. aid, a cartoon depicted Malik as playing Eve to former Secretary John Foster Dulles' Adam.

If Lebanese opponents call him a "tool of the Americans," American audiences see another Malik, an outspoken friend of the West not so timid that he couldn't tell the National Association of Home Builders:

"You Americans have in your traditions certain invaluable beliefs about man and society and history and human destiny and the nature of God—beliefs that you should feel free to export and teach others. But many of you have taken life too much for granted. Therefore, the great deposit of belief and conviction and interpretation of life which has come down to you, you simply don't honor enough. You are a bit diffident."

This is no mere expatriate speaking. Running beneath his concern for the crisis facing the U.S. and the world is a deep emotional and psychological attachment to a small country of 1.5 million in an area about the size of Connecticut. The son born on February 11, 1906, to the village doctor of Bitirram in the north of Lebanon still is Lebanese even to his taste for national dishes.

"Lebanon," he said, pouring another cup of tea during our Harvard Club interview, "must remain absolutely independent. Freedom in the country must not be curtailed unless it threatens to undermine itself. Lebanon must remain a place to criticize and argue,

operating with Moslem-Christian cooperation and loyalty to Lebanon."

As he discussed the necessity of repulsing Communism in the turmoil-torn Middle East, Malik became every part the diplomat in light-blue striped suit and gray-blue striped tie. He spoke slowly, revising his wording, and asking that his words be read back to him. "In choosing ways and means of repulsing Communist penetration," he said, "one should be exceedingly careful not to launch Mid-east policies which would yield only a temporary and false relief and could very well end in situations that will prove far worse than the present one."

Malik, the president of the U.N. General Assembly, refused to elaborate. But he had said earlier in our conversation that he would "repeat every single sentence" made last summer by Malik, the foreign minister of Lebanon. After the Lebanese revolution began a year ago, he accused the United Arab Republic under Gamal Abdel Nasser of "massive interference" in Lebanon. He appealed to the U.N. Security Council for aid against the "indirect aggression" of the United Arab Republic. In no uncertain terms, Malik, the foreign minister, accused Nasser and his merged republic of Syria and Egypt of sowing trouble in the Middle East.

This outspoken stand almost cost him election to the U.N. presidency last September, for the Nasser-led Arab League began a behind-the-scenes campaign for a rival Arab candidate.

Now it is observed with irony that Nasser, in parading before the world as a foe of Communism, is wearing—almost word for word—the borrowed arguments of Malik. Two recent newspaper cartoons in Lebanon demonstrate the point for Malik, who talks about it with a gleam of "I told them so." One cartoon shows an Arab leader coming to former Lebanese president Camille Chamoun and saying: "For heaven's sake, lend us Malik so we can fight the Reds." Another shows Malik holding a telegram inviting him to become foreign minister of the United Arab Republic to help in the fight against Communists.

In his habit of referring to "the nature of things," Dr. Malik calls the U.N. a "very, very limited international organization" but one with immense possibilities for promoting world peace. In the Malik phrase: "If you expect an apple to be an automobile, of course you will be disappointed. But while you cannot ride an apple, you can nevertheless eat it. The apple can only be an apple, but that is something."

Malik is a religious man, deeply in-

A staff member of the New York World Telegram and Sun, EDWARD WAKIN has written on the Middle East for several national publications.

Malik is a diplomat...



PHOTOS BY PICTORIAL PARADE, PIX



... whose words have impact

involved in the Greek Orthodox Church, and so he is much concerned with the forthcoming ecumenical council announced by Pope John XXIII. The principal reason for his concern is obvious: the council aims at achieving a reunion with the Orthodox churches which split with Rome some 900 years ago. The other reason is little known. Two of Dr. Malik's brothers are converts to Catholicism and have become priests, one a Jesuit, the other a Dominican. The Jesuit, Gabriel, reportedly is persistent in arguing for his brother's conversion. Here again, Charles Malik takes a global approach. "It is easy for a single individual to go over to Rome. But there is the problem of what to do with an entire church—its liturgy, its hierarchy, church property. There must be a concrete vision of what happens to these things and then the problem of doctrinal differences can be approached.

"My deepest prayer is that we can become united in one holy Roman church. I am more interested in unity than doctrine. In fact, disunity does the greatest disservice to doctrine."

What lies ahead for the philosopher—professor—diplomat? The question is particularly pertinent because of Malik's curious relationship to the world and his own country. His reply is brief and direct: "I will return to Lebanon in July." But this is far from a full answer.

Until now progress has been uninterrupted. Honors and prestige have sought him out ever since graduation in 1923 from the American Mission High School in Tripoli, Lebanon, and in 1927 with high honors in mathe-

matics and physics from the American University of Beirut.

Five years after college graduation, he entered Harvard University, eager to study under the famous mathematician-philosopher Alfred North Whitehead, whom he still quotes in his speeches. During three years at Harvard and a year at the University of Freiburg in Germany under a Harvard traveling fellowship, the mathematician shifted to philosophy and then returned to teach at Beirut.

In 1941 he married Eva Badr, a teacher of literature in a Beirut women's college, and they now have a five-year-old son, Michael.

When Lebanon emerged as a sovereign state in 1945, accepted by the U.N. and leaving behind French rule, intellectuals were drawn into public life. Malik was sent to the U.N.'s founding conference and became Lebanon's first minister to Washington. Fluent in Arabic, English, French, and German, he was called upon to launch the fledgling country into world diplomacy. In the next decade, the man with the face of an ancient Roman wrestler, representing a little Middle Eastern country few people had heard of, made a world-wide impact. He helped draft the U.N. Covenants on Human Rights, became president of the U.N. Economic and Social Council in 1948, president of the Security Council in 1953 and 1954, chairman of the Human Rights Commission in 1951 and 1952.

A measure of his impact in this country is the glittering array of honorary doctorates received, no less than twenty-one. Among the universities honoring

him were Notre Dame, Georgetown, Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale.

Medals and decorations came from Italy, Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Cuba, Brazil, Austria, and Greece.

When Dr. Malik interrupted his diplomatic career to return to the American University of Beirut in 1955, he became a center of attraction in the university, drawing both students and enthusiastic outsiders to his crowded lecture hall. But in 1956, Lebanese President Camille Chamoun called on Malik to become foreign minister and architect of a forthright pro-Western policy. It was bound to be a controversial role and, with the Lebanese revolution of last summer, it carried personal danger as well.

Ironically, he was elected to the U.N. presidency at a time when he faced political oblivion at home. Chamoun, Malik's sponsor both as foreign minister and in his sole political victory in the 1957 parliamentary elections, is now licking his political wounds in a mountain retreat. In the present Lebanese stalemate between pro-West and anti-West forces, Malik lacks a personal political following or benefactor.

Technically, he is on leave from the American University of Beirut, but at the moment he is a man with a classroom of infinitely larger dimensions. He is obviously reaching a time for personal decision concerning his double involvement with the wide, wide world and the tiny country along the Mediterranean. To change the context of one of his speeches to Charles Habib Malik himself: "Everything is being weighed—one's life, one's values, and one's culture."

by KAY SULLIVAN

You can afford to go to a Catholic college—even if you and money are not the best of friends.

Granted that all higher education is expensive and that Catholic institutions are private, not public and free, chances are that you can still go to a Catholic school of your choice and not wind up in debt.

The answer is as basic as a college cheer: get somebody else to foot the bill. You won't be alone. As a matter of fact, the big majority of students in Catholic colleges and universities today are getting financial help. And there's plenty to go around.

Believe it or not, about 12 per cent of the funds on tap for student aid in higher education goes begging every year. That's because would-be collegians don't know—or don't take the trouble to find out—about their availability.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Thanks to the interest and generosity of government, industry, and numerous civic, professional, and benevolent associations, more scholarships are in existence than ever before. Most of them can be used for studies in Catholic schools—very few specify otherwise. In addition, there is help directly available from the Catholic institutions themselves—approximately seven million dollars worth. That's the amount of student aid distributed by some 208 Catholic colleges and universities in the United States every year.

Like students, scholarships come in various shapes and sizes. There's the complete scholarship that covers all charges for both tuition and room and board. There's the full scholarship (don't be misled by the name) that pays for tuition only. And there's the partial scholarship that allows a stated amount of money to be applied to tuition or to room and board. The greatest number of readily available scholarships today fall into this last category. Their average grant: about \$250 a year.

When you apply to any college for scholarship aid, you not only have to tell about your scholastic standing, character, interests, and extracurricular achievements, but in all likelihood you'll have to prove your need for financial aid.

One of the reasons for this is that



The question is not whether you have money for college but whether you can get someone to foot the bill

YOU CAN

most families underestimate their ability to help finance college educations. In fact, most families could contribute about 15 per cent of their gross income annually for that purpose. That's the conclusion of The College Scholarship Service, a special program administered by the College Entrance Examination Board. It is an opinion borne out by long evaluation of data supplied by students and their families.

If the school of your choice uses the College Scholarship Service, you will receive a standard form labeled: Parents' Confidential Statement in Support of Application for Financial Aid. It requests information on family income

and expenses, assets and indebtedness, plus an estimate of just how much the family thinks it can afford to pay. Don't get huffy about filling out the blanks. It is only fair: giving money away is a serious business and, with the boom in college enrollments, schools are striving to give where the need is greatest and help can do the most good.

Here are your eight best sources for scholarship aid:

1) Catholic colleges and universities.

They all have scholarship programs, so pick the particular school where you would like to get your sheepskin and apply for admission and for informa-

tion about financial aid. And do it early—preferably by the start of your senior year in high school. For safety's sake, you should apply to at least three colleges, in case your favorite campus has the SRO sign out.

Incidentally, you'll get a complete picture of the scholarship situation from *The Official Guide to Catholic Educational Institutions*, a handsome new publication edited under the direction of Monsignor Frederick Hochwalt, director of the NCWC Department of Education. A comprehensive chart tells how many complete, full, and partial scholarships are available at more than 200 Catholic colleges and universities, gives the actual dollar value of each grant, and points out which ones will be open to freshmen for the '59-'60, '60-'61 semesters. All pastors and school principals have copies of the guide. (*The Official Guide to Catholic Educational Institutions*, published by the NCWC Department of Education, 400 pages; \$2.95.) Copies may be ordered through THE SIGN Book Department.

2) State and federal governments.

Several states have scholarship funds to be used in either public or private institutions within the state. Grants average about \$500 a year. Some are given to children of deceased or disabled veterans. Others go to students preparing for teaching, nursing, or agricultural careers. Many are awarded on the basis of scholastic achievement or an examination.

Students willing to make teaching, especially college teaching, their pro-

and Fulbright Scholarships for study abroad.

3) Foundations and funds.

There are scores of foundations and special funds across the country ready to pay the full cost of a college education. The National Merit Scholarship Corporation of Evanston, Illinois, is an outstanding example. It awards more than 500 four-year scholarships annually, based solely on the student's ability to profit from a college education. The program is financed by a number of large corporations.

Several foundations reserve their scholarships for students interested in subjects relating to the donors' interests. The Woodrow Wilson Fellowships, for instance, are for graduate study in the teaching field. The Latham Foundation of Humane Education gives aid to students of the arts.

There are innumerable funds set up just to help ambitious scholars, such as Catholic Scholarships for Negroes, Inc., the New York Puerto Rican Scholarship Fund, and the Italian Charities of America.

4) Industries and companies.

Many leading U.S. industrial firms offer annual scholarships, ranging from \$100 to \$4,000, most of which can be used in Catholic colleges. Preference is given to an employee's child or to the student interested in some field related to the industry.

General Motors awards 350 scholarships every year, ranging from \$200 to \$2,000 in value. Winners are chosen through a nationwide competition.

munities. The Knights of Columbus, the Elks, and many more give help specifically for Catholic college use. Professional organizations like the National Association of Secondary School Principals and the National Association of Manufacturers also maintain student aid programs—usually for study in a field of particular interest to their group. The Catholic Accountants' Guild of Brooklyn, for example, sponsors scholarships in Catholic schools for budding bookkeepers.

7) Veterans' organizations.

Veterans' organizations like the Catholic War Veterans, the American Legion, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are enthusiastic givers of scholarships to aid veterans, their children, and even their descendants. Programs are carried on at local, state, and national levels.

8) Benevolent societies and civic organizations.

Don't overlook the possibilities of student aid right in your own community backyard. Many benevolent and civic associations like to help out residents of their locality. You'll find that good citizenship and social responsibility are especially important when you are being considered for these awards. More often than not, winners are picked through an essay or debating contest, so if you have a flair for writing or oratory, the odds are on your side.

If you don't make the grade on a scholarship, don't despair. There's still no need for you to write off a Catholic college education as too expensive. There are at least seven other ways to

GO TO COLLEGE

fession will find a remarkable number of scholarships available from government agencies. The State of New York, for example, has a new Regents Scholarship program for future college teachers while the City of New York has a similar program for prospective mathematics and science teachers.

Under the National Defense Education Act of 1958, the U.S. Office of Education has over 1,000 three-year fellowships for graduate students, each paying up to \$2,400 a year for future college and university teachers. The federal government also provides scholarships for students entering the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps

5) Labor organizations.

If you or your parents are members of a union, you may be able to qualify for one of the scholarships financed by national, state, regional, or local unions. Many of these awards are based on competitive examinations on the labor movement or on essay contests about labor. A few of the current grants from labor unions are to be used specifically at Catholic institutions.

6) Fraternal and professional organizations.

Qualified students would do well to check up on the opportunities afforded by fraternal societies in their com-

raise money for college studies, namely: fellowships and assistantships; military service benefits; educational subsidies; co-operative work-study plans; part-time work and loans. Let's clarify them.

FELLOWSHIPS

Fellowships are granted chiefly for graduate and professional studies and usually on the basis of scholastic accomplishment and ability, with passing attention to student need. Assistantships ordinarily can be offered to students only by the educational institution involved and not by outside agencies. Most often, assistantships entail special research work or some teaching and

other staff work. Sometimes, they even pay the recipient more than the cost of school attendance.

SERVICE BENEFITS

To reap military service benefits, veterans must qualify under the Veterans' Readjustment Assistance Act of 1952 (familiarily known as the Korean G.I. Bill) or the Vocational Rehabilitation Act, created especially to help disabled veterans. Of course, both non-veterans and veterans can obtain financial aid from the ROTC programs of the Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps, units of which are established at numerous Catholic colleges and universities.

EDUCATIONAL SUBSIDIES

Several U.S. companies, industries, and unions give educational subsidies or grants-in-aid to personnel or members willing to pursue higher education in evening sessions. Sometimes, these subsidies equal the cost of tuition and other fees. Sometimes, they are in the form of wage payments for hours spent in school. General Electric, for example, has a program of special apprenticeships for employees who study engineering either on an undergraduate or graduate level in night sessions. After two years on this basis, employees may finish their studies on a full-time basis, backed by a company loan.

WORK-STUDY PLANS

Work-and-study plans are an interesting way to gain an education and often assure a student of rapid advancement in the field of his choice. What happens is that a college makes arrangements with an industry, educational institution, or social agency under which a student works in the field related to his major. Pay received for the work he does allows him to continue his studies. What's more, the on-the-job training he gets makes his classwork more meaningful and vice versa. Work-study plans vary as to time arrangement. Some call for a term of full-time study, followed by an equal term on the job. Others require two weeks in school, two on the job, or a half-day daily for each activity.

PART-TIME WORK

The time-honored practice of working your way through college still goes on, although there are many who argue that it can cut too deeply into a student's study time. Experts claim that a student can earn about 35 per cent of the money he needs for college expenses by working during summers and part-time during the school term. Jobs on campus generally pay less than jobs outside, but a student should weigh time,

travel, and travel expenses involved before he takes an off-campus job. Incidentally, it is much easier for a man to work his way through college than for a girl. The reason? In every community, and on campus too, more part-time jobs are open to men than to women.

From many viewpoints, working your way through college can be a profitable experience for either girl or boy—providing that the work can be integrated into the study program, concentrated on weekends and vacation periods, or related directly to one's specific course of study.

LOANS

But what if you can't qualify for a scholarship, you're not a veteran or a union member, and you don't feel up to waiting on table or mowing lawns while acquiring an education? There's still a solution to your problem. Finance your education with a l-o-a-n.

You don't have to whisper the word, though. Colleges which used to discourage the borrowing of money by students now encourage it and even facilitate it by offering money at low interest rates—as low as 1 or 2 per cent and deferring repayment until two to ten years after graduation.

Many colleges allow students to borrow as much as \$2,000 directly from the institution. State funds are being developed to guarantee student loans from commercial banks. The New York Higher Education Assistance Corporation permits students to borrow up to \$5,000 on their own promissory notes.

The new Federal Student Loan program, operated through the college or university involved, offers loans ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 at 3 per cent interest. Interest is payable starting one year after you get your degree and the loan is to be repaid within ten years after graduation. What's more, in the case of loan recipients who teach in a public elementary or secondary school for five years or more after graduation, repayment of part of the principal is waived.

One time-payment plan, known as The Tuition Plan, Inc., makes it possible to handle school costs the way families frequently pay for an automobile or washing machine—on the installment credit plan. The firm pays the school the student's tuition and any other fees. Parents make monthly payments to the firm. When a contract for two or more years is signed, the parent is covered by life insurance by Tuition Plan, Inc. In case of the signing parent's death, the student's school expenses are paid for the run of the contract. Only accredited colleges may offer The Tuition Plan program and these include more than sixty Catholic colleges and universities throughout the country.

All told, about 10 per cent of the men and 5 per cent of the women in U.S. colleges today are financing all or part of their college expenses through loans from schools, banks, governmental agencies, or special funds. The latest slogan in education would seem to be "Learn now, pay later!"



Besides the *Official Guide to Catholic Educational Institutions*—referred to in the article and copies of which are had by all pastors and school principals—there is a book published by the Government Printing Office which includes, but is not limited to, Catholic colleges: *Financial Aid For College Students: Undergraduate*. It gives information on 1,562 institutions which report 237,370

scholarships worth \$65,736,950. This book can be obtained by sending one dollar to: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing office, Washington 25, D.C. *You Can Win a Scholarship*, prepared by Brownstein, Weiner, and Kaplan and published by Barron's Educational Series, Inc., Great Neck, New York, contains recent data on scholarships available from public and private sources, together with qualifications for eligibility, and information on applying for scholarships. Prospective candidates ought, in all cases, to write directly to the organization sponsoring the financial aid—be it the college itself, a government agency (for example, the Educational Office of a particular state), or a branch of service, or a company which might subsidize higher education. There are deadlines and detailed requirements for obtaining financial help; it is essential, therefore, that applications be made to the correct office and on time.

MY FAVORITE SAINT:

*A merry, flashing, black-eyed
beauty, Teresa turned from merely
human love and found the Source
of all love and life in the Son of God
crucified for love of all mankind.
Her writings today have become a rich
font of illumination for all*

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN



St. Teresa of Avila

MY FAVORITE SAINT? The question is slightly embarrassing, you see. It must be confessed that due to a chronic and lamentable weakness, I'm in no position to play any favorites in this field.

Long ago I began writing love letters to the Apostles. My weakness for Saint Peter alone has been an open scandal for years. Other saints became later victims. To each and all have I declared an undying devotion. Were I now at this stage to begin addressing as my favorite saint even one whom I admire as deeply as I do the great Teresa of Avila, all of Heaven would (or at

least, *should*) burst into uproarious laughter. A thing can be carried too far.

It's not that I'm really fickle. It's only that each one is so distractingly attractive. As far as Teresa goes, at least I can defend myself by pointing out that this is one of the few times I've ever felt strongly impelled to write down my devotion to a lady saint.

Yet if ever there was a woman who wears her halo higher in heaven than do many men saints (not to be catty about it) it is Teresa of Avila. She did the work of both man and of woman, with masculine brains, breadth of intel-



"Make many acts of love for they set the soul on fire and make it gentle." St. Teresa of Avila, 1515-1582

lect, and energy; and with a woman's capacity for compassion, love, and tenderness.

What a woman! Viewed from earthly values, as a battling feminist she antedated Susan B. Anthony, the great defender of women's rights in America, by more than three hundred years. On the spiritual plane, as far as I can see, she was the first real feminist among the women Saints, barring Catherine of Siena and Joan of Arc.

Both Catherine and Joan, who also did the work of men in the world, died young: Catherine at the age of thirty-three; Joan, a martyr, at nineteen. But Teresa, beset as she was by long and horrible illness, lived to be sixty-seven. And despite years of unbearable suffering she maintained until the end a tremendous zest for life and people.

When I was very young, the first admirable quality I found in Teresa was her fondness for running away from home. She was only seven when she took the plunge. The little girl of the great Spanish family of Cepeda ran away from home because she wanted to die as a martyr for Christ so that she might see God the more quickly.

At that time, in the year 1522, she knew that the best place for Spaniards to get martyred was in Morocco; so Morocco became her objective. It lay at

the end of quite a long journey from the family castle in Avila and even involved crossing the sea—but Teresa was quite sure she could achieve it. Too, she thought it would be salutary for her older brother, Roderigo, were he also to be martyred. Nothing could be better for him. Four years her senior, he looked upon the project with rather a dim eye. But at length her fiery arguments beat him down.

They did not get very far. A hapless fate caused them to be intercepted by an uncle who chanced to be riding by. They were seized by the scruff of the neck and ignominiously returned to the castle. There, Roderigo unchivalrously pushed all the blame onto his little sister.

To me it has always seemed that the whole episode reflected, as in a tiny mirror, the future great Teresa. That ardent child with the thick, raven curls and the big, flashing, black eyes had unconsciously shown the innate qualities which later went into the making of one of the greatest of all women Saints. Courage: the burning desire to see God and to give her life for Him; and her ability to lead the masculine sex around by the nose (even those who, like Roderigo, were her superiors in age and authority).

That Heaven had decreed that she

should grow up in a household of ten adoring men (her father and nine brothers) and next door to a half-dozen young male cousins proved helpful to the destiny of a woman who was to win her way with King and Bishop, with poets and priests and practical men of the world. She understood men and enjoyed their society; yet when she had flowered into great beauty she turned her back on a half-dozen suitors, choosing rather to spend her life with women in the confines of a cloistered convent.

Her mother had died when she was thirteen, and it lay with her father, the stern and pious Don Alonso, and an older sister to bring up the lively young Doña Teresa. For all the decorum and strict standards exacted in a nobleman's castle of that era in Spain, it would appear that between the brothers and the cousins the scene was frequently one of unrestrained merriment. The young people spent their time at games, dances, and pranks, with Teresa, almost the youngest, as their ring leader.

On the dark side, there were, as she recalled later when writing her autobiography, the occasions of sin which (when she was old enough to recognize them) so horrified her that she fled into ardent prayer and penance, into increasing solitude. Child of the sixteenth century, her religious training had drawn a vivid picture of hell and eternal damnation which haunted her with horror. She believed that the devil had singled her out as a special victim.

She was almost twenty-one when, imperiously riding over the heart-broken protests of her astonished father and deaf to the importunities of her incredulous suitors, she entered the Carmelite convent in Avila. The desire to give her life for God in order to see Him the more quickly was still as ardent as it had been when she was seven; her courage had not flagged; and for the glory of God she led her father around by the nose as she had led her brother Roderigo.

Within Teresa's youthful vision, the Carmelite convent in Avila offered the nearest approach to solitude, austerity, and prayer. Yet viewed from today's standards of a cloistered community, it was not at all what worldlings would call "a bad life." The nuns were permitted luxurious apartments (if they could pay for them); they could receive visitors in a handsome parlor or in the charming garden; they could accept expensive gifts, and could even wear jewels.

Teresa, with her zest for life and people and accustomed to a gay society, to attention and flattery, fell naturally into the pattern while striving to com-

mingle the spiritual with the worldly.

Yet from the start she was bothered by a sense of frustration. The convent was not giving her what she had sought; she was not giving the convent what she had hoped to give. Was the fault not the convent's, after all, but rather that of her old enemies, pride and vanity, which were still cluttering up her path to God?

Then one day, quite by chance, she learned that the ancient Carmelite Rule as set down long ago by the holy founders had fallen into weakness and decay; and that as observed in Avila it was far from the original pattern of austerity, silence, and prayer.

Meanwhile God was calling her more closely through a series of visions and ecstasies which sometimes befell, to her great embarrassment, in the presence of others. Powerless to resist, she would rest immovable in a trance for hours at a time. To appear different from the other nuns and more favored was an agony to her, for she was devoured by the gnawing consciousness of her own shortcomings.

Small wonder that in all these psychological conflicts she fell ill! When other means had failed, she was sent home to her father's castle to die. But in what had seemed her last extremity, she rallied. She returned to the convent, but so weakened and crippled that she could not stand upright and was forced to get about by crawling on all fours like an animal. She was totally dependent upon the good offices of others. The fierce pride which was a portion of her aristocratic Spanish lineage struggled with the spirit. After long suffering, the spirit emerged triumphant. Following years of semi-paralysis, one day she arose and stood upright again. It was the good Saint Joseph, the Saint of patience, who had cured her, she claimed.

Now desperately she strove to avoid the social gatherings in parlor and garden and to withdraw more and more into prayer. But the long usages of the convent made it impossible. At length, and with her elemental courage, she determined to found a Carmelite house in Avila which would be dedicated to the Order's primitive ideals.

She ended by founding not one such house, but eighteen scattered throughout Spain; and also by launching the reform of the Carmelite communities of men with the co-operation of a holy young mystic, a friar later to become known to all generations as Saint John of the Cross. With him, she is regarded as the co-founder of the Order of Discalced Carmelites.

In all, twenty-seven years were to pass obscurely for her behind the walls

of the convent she had entered at twenty. They were years of profound prayer, of intensive mystical experience, before she emerged at the age of forty-seven, master of her soul, to do a man's work in the world.

She named her first convent Saint Joseph's to honor him who had rescued her from paralysis. Moving through correct channels, she was yet forced to open the little house in Avila, with its handful of thirteen nuns, almost secretly, so violent was the opposition.

At length the Father General of the Carmelites, the final authority for both nuns and friars, urged her not only to found other convents for women, but also to launch two reformed monasteries for the friars. Before she had completed her great work, she had the support of Rome and Philip II, King of Spain. Both recognized not only her sanctity but also her genius for organization. She was one of the great purifying forces of the Counter-Reformation.

The last twenty years of her life were spent largely on the ill-kept roads of sixteenth-century Spain, bumping miserably along on her mission with a nun-companion in a mule-drawn wagon without springs. They bumped over stony trails, through mud and morass; they forded swollen streams and slept in filthy inns or outdoors under driving rains. Yet, despite organic illness and shattered health, she undertook her mission with a merry heart.

Her end was peaceful. She slept quietly away at the age of sixty-seven in the year 1582, in one of her own convents, in Alba de Tormes. Had she herself not written, many years before, in her autobiography: ". . . to those who really love God and have put aside the things of this world, death must come very gently"? Death came gently for Teresa. And immediately great wonders surrounded the shell she had left behind her. It gave forth a sweet fragrance and proved to be incorruptible. Cures and marvels attended it. In 1622, only a scant forty years after her death, she was canonized.

She had left to posterity those great masterpieces of mystical literature, *The Way of Perfection*, *The Interior Castle*, the *Foundations*, and her *Life*, which, had she been a man, scholars believe must surely have caused her to be named a Doctor of the Church—that rare distinction which in nineteen hundred years has been given to only a handful of men and never to a woman.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN is the author of several books, including *By Post to the Apostles*, *Letters to the Martyrs*, and *Knights of Christ*, published last year.

For a hundred reasons she is one of my favorite saints, the first being perhaps her warm humanity. She loved and had compassion for everyone, king and commoner alike, and even her worst enemies. With the most delicate sensitivity she understood the weaknesses and the glories of human nature. Vibrant with life, she reached out to her sisters and brothers for their love as she poured out her own.

It is significant that not until she had come to understand the *humanity* of the God-Man—had come to meditate upon His Passion and all the anguish He had suffered, mental and physical, as *Man*—did she reach the heights of her own spiritual quest.

"We look at Him as a man; we see Him weak and in trouble, and He is our companion," she wrote. And, ". . . the great thing is to embrace the Cross. . . . Although He is the Lord, I can speak to Him as to a friend. . . . May You be blessed, O Lord, who measure all things by our weakness!"

I have left until the last the quality in Teresa which has so greatly endeared her to me—her God-given sense of humor. She must have spent her life between laughter and prayer. There were plenty of tears, to be sure, especially when her plans were upset by the jealousy and treachery of others, and failure seemed to be stalking her. But prayer and laughter always conquered. "Deliver us all from gloomy saints!" she used to exclaim. And when, on one of her rocky journeys over the rough roads of Spain, the coach in which she was riding overturned and she was dumped unceremoniously into the mire, she cried out: "If this is the way You treat Your friends, O Lord, it's no wonder that You have so few of them!"

She and I have a little joke between us. For years I had made it a practice, whenever encountering the name of Satan in a book, quickly to make the Sign of the Cross. But when I launched upon Teresa's autobiography, I found that she mentioned the devil and his assaults so frequently that my arm was in perpetual motion. "This has got to stop, Teresa," I said, "for I'm getting bursitis in my shoulder. Keep still, now, about the devil, and let me get on with your book!"

I think of Teresa praying and laughing, and leading men around by the nose for the glory of God. I think of her running away from home at the age of seven. But most frequently I think of her as the merry, flashing black-eyed beauty in her famous gown of orange satin and black velvet, who at sixteen caused all the heads of Avila to turn and stare—and who herself turned away, to stare at the Cross.

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



JACQUES LOWE

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Family vacations low cost, big yield

Financial obstacles block many an average-income family's hopes of a summer vacation together at an uncongested rustic spot near the water. Madonna House (THE SIGN, May 1959) had such families in mind when it opened St. Anne's Cana Colony on a secluded woodlot at Combermere, Ontario. A sandy beach, private log cabins, bedding, cooking utensils, and play equipment are available. What's more, a chapel is provided for dialogue Mass, and each day during the season, a priest gives two short talks on Christian family living to parents sitting informally on the shaded grass. For all this, families are asked only for a donation. Only six families can be accommodated each week, which accounts for reservations being made a year or more in advance.

Lawrence and Eileen Fredendall, of Port Huron, Mich., are one of the couples who found the wonderful combination of physical respite and spiritual uplift at the Cana Colony. Like the other families, they took their turn keeping the fires going in the kitchen-dining hall shared by all. Cook-outs and sing-songs by the water's edge at twilight were a memorable delight for them. "The children loved every minute of our stay," said Fredendall, an insurance consultant, "and we really felt closer to God than ever before. After a day or two, time didn't mean anything." As vacations go, this one was pretty light on their pocket-book. Total expenses, including the 800-mile round trip and food: \$115.

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Eileen and Lawrence Fredendall, outside their Cana Colony cabin, with Dean, 11, Duane, 9, Daniel, 4, Marie, 8, David, 2. Baby Dominic has been born since photo was taken last year

An unforgotten shovel

The George Meany of Canada is a heavy-set man named Claude Jodoin, big in body and mind, who is head of the 1,100,000-member Canadian Labour Congress. Like Meany, the Canadian leader says what is on his mind and is regarded with respect by government leaders. Jodoin's favorite description of himself is a "first-class qualified laborer skilled with pick, shovel, crowbar, or axe"—a description which fitted him during the depression of the Thirties, but says nothing of his wide qualifications today. He launched his career as an organizer with the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union when only 24.

Jodoin is concerned with the need for training Christian social leaders ready to defend their convictions, if need be, with their lives. He feels it the duty of leaders in industry, labor, and government to work for world peace. "We must serve God, and in so doing we must serve the peoples of the world, whoever and wherever they are, during our short stay on earth." Jodoin and his wife, Lily, live in Ottawa. The "homework" attached to his \$14,000 job gives him little time for his hobbies of reading and swimming.

Claude Jodoin: the voice of Canadian labor speaks with Christian conviction



CAPITAL PRESS-OTTAWA

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



JACQUES LOWE

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Family vacations low cost, big yield

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Claude Jodoin: the voice of Canadian labor speaks with Christian conviction



CAPITAL PRESS-OTTAWA



Berlin's Defiant Young Cardinal

Julius Cardinal Doepfner inspires his people to ignore "socialist sacraments"

by ROBERT RIGBY

IT WAS A late winter afternoon, bitter cold and snowing. Two men on skis were making their way cross-country toward the town of Würzburg in the south-central part of West Germany. They still had a long way to go, and since it was also getting dark, they decided to head for a road close by and hitch a ride.

Several cars passed before a pick-up truck finally pulled over to the side and stopped. The driver eyed the husky strangers with open suspicion. "If you want a lift with me," he said firmly, "it'll have to be in the back." Cheerfully the two strangers did as they were told.

When the truck reached Würzburg's town square, the hitch-hikers, who were shivering from the long ride in an icy wind, scrambled down with their skis and poles. One of them—the shorter, stockier one—came around and politely thanked the driver. Then, with a chuckle, he added: "You know, I'm really not as dangerous as I may look. I'm only your bishop."

The skiing prelate, who had been out for the afternoon with one of his chaplains, was Julius Doepfner. If the truck driver hadn't recognized him, it was quite understandable. The light had been poor, the strangers hadn't introduced themselves, and few bishops, after all, are noted for their zest for skiing. This one, moreover, was extremely young—when appointed to head the diocese of Würzburg in 1948, he was, at thirty-five, the youngest bishop in all Europe.

Today forty-six-year-old Julius Doepfner has an even more noteworthy distinction. He is the youngest member—by eight years—of the Sacred College of Cardinals. And he administers one of the Church's most vital and hard-pressed outposts: the diocese of Berlin. The diocese is truly an outpost, surrounded by, and mainly composed of, Communist territory (see map).

A muscular, bespectacled man with a determined jaw and no trace of gray in his black hair, Julius Cardinal Doepfner refuses to regard his elevation to the Sacred College as anything but a tribute to the staunchness of Berlin's Catholics, whose bishop he has been since early 1957. "This honor goes to them," he insists quietly, "in recognition of their daily struggle to keep their Catholic Faith."

Their struggle is carried on in the shadows of the free world's determined efforts to keep West Berlin from being snatched by the Communists for their empire. Berlin's resistance to Soviet intimidation is seen in the firm stance of Cardinal Doepfner himself.

The province of Brandenburg, (most of which comprises the Berlin diocese), is not a predominantly Catholic

region of Germany like the Rhineland or Bavaria. Only 12 per cent of Berlin's population is Catholic (compared to 44 per cent for all West Germany). But the diocese nonetheless numbers 600,000 persons and has more Catholic churches (345) than any other city in the country.

Like the city itself, Berlin's diocese is radically divided into two parts. Forty per cent of Bishop Doepfner's flock live in the freedom of West Berlin. The remaining 60 per cent live in Communist-ruled territory—either in East Berlin itself or in the much bigger area entirely surrounding the city.

This area is known as the "Zone" (i.e. the Soviet Zone). It is administered by the so-called German Democratic Republic, the Communist puppet government set up by Moscow. To enter the Zone is not an easy matter. A West Berliner may cross into Red-run East Berlin without difficulty or formality. But to enter the surrounding Zone, he must bear a visa granted by Red authorities.

Since May 1958 Berlin's Cardinal Doepfner has been refused such a visa. Thus the East German satellite government has stretched an iron curtain be-

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SIGN MAP BY FRANK EVERS

tween him and one-third of his diocese—some 200,000 persons.

This obstruction is only part of a stepped-up anti-church campaign launched in East Germany during the past year. The Communist leader behind it all is generally believed to be Walter Ulbricht, goateed party secretary and the real power in the puppet government. His aim: undermine the confidence of Catholics and thus lead them away from the Church's authority.

In the East German press the Church has been systematically vilified as the "enemy of the working class"; Catholic priests have been treated as the "accomplices of Western warmongers."

In an effort to add credence to this campaign, East German Communists arrested five Jesuit priests last December on trumped-up charges of espionage. A "people's court" sentenced them to prison terms of up to five years at hard labor. At about the same time, eleven men from the town of Rathenow, located in the Zone near Berlin, were arrested as they were returning from a Catholic meeting held in West Berlin. Charged with espionage too, they all "confessed" and were sentenced to prison terms.

Even more alarming than these arrests, however, has been the mounting Red pressure to make all people in the German Democratic Republic affirm—publicly—the supremacy of Communist materialism. This campaign takes a somewhat subtle form and is a constant battle facing Cardinal Doepfner.

In theory, the East German constitu-

tion guarantees all citizens the right of freedom of worship and religious belief. In practice, however, East Germans are constantly bombarded by state propaganda urging them to mark the important events of family life—births, confirmations, marriages, deaths—by ceremonies that are atheistic.

Anyone expressing religious reservations about taking part in such ceremonies is blandly assured that nothing antireligious is intended. The truth is quite the contrary. The state's real intent: substitute atheistic "socialist sacraments" for Christian sacraments.

Take, for example, the case of an East German father who goes to the city hall to register the birth of a child. The clerk strongly urges that the child be given a "socialist baptism" at the city hall. The father is assured that the ceremony is not antireligious—"just a simple formality."

If the parents accept (and they are often given to understand that there may be trouble if they don't), they get a rude shock. For this ceremony involves a vow on their part to give their child a "socialist education." They must sign an affidavit to this effect, as must the godparents. The "simple formality" becomes a kind of sword of Damocles hanging over their heads.

Pressure is likewise brought to bear on young couples wishing to get married. A socialist ceremony is necessary, they are told, to "convey the full force of the socialist ethic" to a marriage. The ceremony takes place in the city hall under photographs of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin, Grotewohl

(the East German premier) and Ulbricht. An honor guard of soldiers is in attendance with flags and banners. A party official delivers a "sermon" that extolls, according to published instructions, the "glory of socialist atheism, which places nothing above those men who work and struggle for peace, democracy, and socialism."

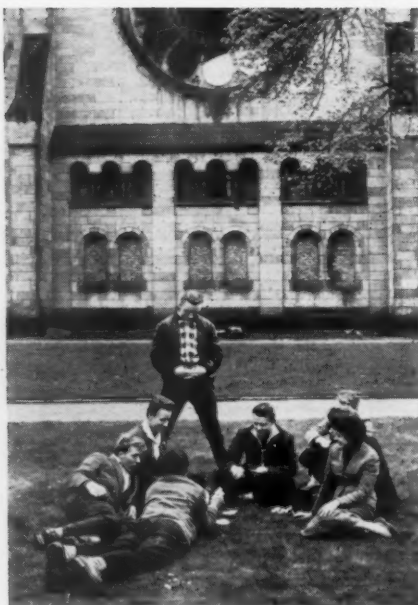
The standard socialist funeral ceremony is no less atheistic. There is no mention of religion or God; death is the absolute end. A religious funeral, East Germans are told, is only a "vestige of the exploiting classes."

But the main Red propaganda guns in this campaign are turned on the youth of East Germany. From an early age children are exposed to an incessant barrage in state-run schools. There is no escape since private schools are strictly forbidden: Catholic parochial schools, with the exception of a scattering of kindergartens, have been closed.

This results in a particularly tragic situation for Catholic parents. Take, for example, the average case of a Catholic child we'll call Paul. Providing there is a Catholic kindergarten in the neighborhood, he is usually allowed to spend one year there, then off he must go to a state-run school.

His indoctrination in Communist materialism begins on his very first day. A delegation of older school children pick him up at home, hand him a bouquet of flowers (red for preference) and perhaps a little red flag to carry, and then escort him to school.

One East German teacher reported proudly not long ago that she had



THREE LIONS

East Berlin youth must conform to Reds' "dedication" process. Whether in the army, left, or school, they are taught to despise the Church

taken her young pupils a step further. Not only had they learned to love their leaders but also to hate the retiring West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. By endlessly repeating that he was "an enemy of the working class and a warmonger," she was able to train her six-year-old pupils to clench their fists and harden their faces whenever a photograph of Adenauer was shown them.

Inevitably, Paul is soon caught between two influences—his parents' Catholic teaching at home and the Communist teaching he gets in school. To make matters worse, the family's parish priest is allowed little chance to give the child religious instruction. An East German ordinance forbids the teaching of outside courses either two hours before, or two hours after, the regular state school session. This (as the ordinance fully intended) makes it difficult to round up Catholic children for religious instruction.

The culmination of Paul's indoctrination by the state comes when he is fourteen. His primary education completed, Paul is strongly urged to join his classmates in taking part in the *Jugendweihe*—the "youth dedication" ceremony that is the Communist substitute for Christian confirmation.

A teacher visits the boy's parents long beforehand to prod them, often by thinly veiled threats, to give their consent. At his place of work a recalcitrant

father is approached by shop foremen who hint that he might be transferred from his job—or even lose it—if he opposes his son's participation.

Perhaps the heaviest pressure falls on Paul himself. His schoolmates tell him that the class must have 100 per cent participation or else be disgraced. He is also told that if he refuses, he will not be admitted to state-sponsored youth and sports groups; that he will not be allowed to go on to high school or even learn a trade. Under the weight of these threats, more and more East German children—and their parents—are forced to yield.

Berlin's Cardinal Doepfner has spoken out vigorously against the mounting wave of state-imposed atheism in East Germany. Together with other bishops, he drew up a forceful pastoral letter that was read from the pulpits of all East German Catholic churches at Lent this year. "Socialist ceremonies and pledges of loyalty," he warned, "are intended to make you forget God and the Church, to devote yourselves solely to work and the society of men. All this is done to introduce the heresy of self-redemption into your life."

No compromise, he emphasized, can be made between the Communist way of

life and Catholic responsibilities: "Not even for the sake of outward appearance may you give such a declaration of withdrawal from Church membership, for no Catholic can perform atheistic ceremonies without denying his Holy Faith."

East Germany's Premier Otto Grotewohl violently attacked this pastoral letter, accusing the Cardinal of "blocking the progressist [i.e. Communist] development of East German youth." Grotewohl singled out the Church for special attack because he had recently forced Lutheran authorities in East Germany to accept a *modus vivendi* with the state. Under this arrangement a Lutheran child who has taken part in a "youth dedication" ceremony can still receive a church confirmation one year later if he has otherwise remained faithful to Christian belief.

For Berlin's Cardinal such an arrangement is unthinkable. "No compromise is possible," he warns his diocese repeatedly, "between faith in God and the profession of atheistic materialism."

The man who is the Church's vigorous spokesman in the midst of the Communist camp was born in 1913 in Hausen, a little village in the mountainous Rhoen region of south-central Germany. His father, who died when Julius was only eight, was a small farmer who added to the family's meager income by working as a waiter in resort hotels in nearby Bad Kissingen during the summer.

Encouraged by his mother, a deeply pious woman, the boy decided early on the priesthood. At ten he entered the *Kilianium*, the ancient boys' school attached to the See of Würzburg. Endowed with a quick mind and deeply serious about what he wanted to do in life, he went on to take his theological studies in Rome at the German College (writing his doctoral thesis on John Henry Cardinal Newman).

After ordination in 1939, he returned to his native diocese of Würzburg and served in a variety of posts—parish priest in bomb-battered Schweinfurt, administrator of a theological seminary. Energetic, open in manner, a sports enthusiast, he quickly became a popular and respected figure with the youth of the region. But no one, least of all thirty-five-year-old *Pfarrer* Julius Doepfner, was prepared for the Vatican announcement in 1948 appointing him the new bishop of the diocese.

The young prelate soon became a familiar sight not only in churches throughout his diocese but also in refugee camps, in factories, and at soccer matches. Keenly interested in modern

(Continued on page 70)

A free-lance journalist, **ROBERT RIGBY** regularly reports on the European scene for **THE SIGN**.



"I come from Hungary. I decided to make this pilgrimage and carry the cross I desecrated"

THE MAN WHO BURNED THE CROSS

He risked his life to turn his torch of hatred into love

by **ZSOLT ARADI**

Maria Zell, in lower Austria about one hundred miles southwest of Vienna, is one of the oldest shrines in the world. It belongs to the Austrians, Hungarians, Slovenes, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and other people, most of them now behind the Iron Curtain.

In 1957, Maria Zell celebrated its 800th anniversary. The festivities lasted more than a month. Cardinals and bishops and thousands of pilgrims came from all over the world to express reverent homage to an ancient statue of the Madonna, dear to their fathers and their forefathers. At the end of the celebrations, the Pope talked to the assembled multitude through the Vatican Radio. Maria Zell, usually the scene

of pain and suffering because people bring their problems there, was resplendent with glory and expectations.

I had arrived when the celebrations were over. While taking a walk in the gray dawn before boarding the train back to Vienna, I saw a man carrying a cross. I was not surprised. Many pilgrims come on foot to these shrines shouldering wooden crosses as a sign of humility and penance. I pretended not to notice him. But he stopped me and asked, in broken German, for directions to the cathedral. I told him it was just around the corner. Then I looked at him. He was a short fellow, about fifty, with dark eyes and hair and an emaciated face. His clothes were

shabby, his trousers looked more like rags, and his toes were visible through dilapidated shoes, tied together with strings.

"Do you come from far away?" I asked, almost against my own will.

"Yes, sir. I come from Hungary."

"All the way with this cross on your shoulder?" I asked, incredulous. (It is about 100 miles from the border.)

"Yes, sir, all the way and with this cross." He smiled as he answered me.

I started to walk along with him. When I addressed him in his native tongue, his eyes lit up with excitement.

I decided to take a later train to Vienna and went with him to a Gasthof nearby where we could sit down. He

told me his story reluctantly and only after I had promised not to disclose his name or the city from which he came. Nor did he want his story to be known to anyone at Maria Zell.

"If I were to become famous," he explained, "my whole pilgrimage would be ruined."

This is the story of the man who came on foot from the center of Hungary to Maria Zell, carrying a fifty-pound cross on his shoulders.

While on Hungarian soil, he walked only at night. "God helped me," he said, "and at night I did not encounter any of the political police."

"When I needed sleep, I would knock on the door of a peasant's house before sunrise and they would let me in. When I told them where I was going, they gave me food and shelter."

"I was a very bad man even one year ago. I did not believe in anything, I hated people, and I think I hated even God. And I was a coward."

"I had been a gardener and a porter at a summer resort in Hungary. The hotel that employed me before the war was one of the most elegant in the country. It has a park that stretches across hills to the edge of a lake. There I had a house given to me where I lived peacefully with my wife, my mother, and my father-in-law. The hotel administration claimed to need me and I was not drafted into the army. After the war, my good fortune continued. The new regime took over the hotel and made it into a government resort. I was a quiet man and was not involved in any politics. I never belonged to any party, I did not go to church, and the hotel needed me because I was a good handyman and knew the remotest corners of the park. I knew how to treat the trees and how to keep the flower beds beautiful."

"Yet I was not entirely free from fear. There was a huge cross on the distant hills in the park, put up by the original builders of the hotel. It used to be a favorite spot for walks. The new Communist bosses who took over the hotel were aware of its existence, but they never said a word about it to me. I was scared that one day I might be fired if some official got angry and held me responsible for it. Sometimes I could not sleep for fear. When I talked with my superiors, it seemed to me that they were aware of my anxiety and were waiting to see how long I would tolerate the cross in the park. Behind their friendly words, routine questions about the weather and about the park, I suspected something sinister."

"Then came the winter of 1951, when the police arrested both clergymen of the village, the Catholic and the Lu-

theran. The head of the local political police claimed that the churches were abandoned, and he ordered them closed and sealed."

"To my great surprise and consternation, the people of the village started to come in little groups to the cross in the park. They came through a rear entrance and stood there in pious silence. The visits grew more and more frequent. I was not only afraid but angry. Didn't these people know that they were jeopardizing my position and even my life? But I could not tell them to go away. How could I, when my wife, my mother, and my father-in-law were among them?"

"One December night I cut down the cross. I cut it into small pieces and took them into the house. I opened the door of the oven and fed the fire with the pieces of the cross."

"My family soon discovered what I had done, because I could not burn all the wood that night; parts of the cross, chopped into pieces, were stacked near the stove."

"My wife was expecting a child at the time. She said nothing to me. But she wept. My father-in-law, usually a pleasant man, became silent and morose and no longer spoke to me. My mother looked at me with a mixture of sorrow, anger, and love and said, 'My son, how could you do such a thing? Don't you know that a curse falls upon the head of the man who desecrates the cross?'"

"I laughed, and when the family wanted to bring in wood from the storage bin, I shoved them aside and burned the rest of the cross."

"When the people of the village discovered that there was no longer a cross, they simply erected another one at the same spot."

"I was furious, and I took my axe and again chopped down the symbol of faith. I told my family that if they were going to put up another, I would do the same and I would burn all the crosses and keep our house warm through the winter."

"Three days later there was a new cross in the park. That same night my mother was found dead in her bed. The coroner said it was a heart attack. 'It was the cross,' I said. 'She got excited over nothing.'"

"But why should I tell you all these sad details? When the next cross was

raised and my wife and our new-born child died and my father-in-law left me, I denounced this secret shrine to the political police."

"A cordon of police was placed around the site of the cross. The park was without a cross, and I was alone. The years went by, and I remained the gardener, the porter, and the handyman. People no longer came to the park, because the churches were open again."

"But I was an ostracized man. Nobody talked to me in the village. I got my food from the hotel. I had no friends and I guess not even any real enemies. People simply despised me."

"But I felt fine in my cold bitterness. It was the cross, I said, that had brought all this misfortune upon me. And when the local priest and some of the villagers came to me at one time to discuss the erection of another cross on the same spot, I told them if they ever put in an appearance I would shoot, because those were my orders."

"One night, it was more than a year ago, I woke up and felt a pain in my legs and in my right arm. I wanted to get up, but my legs and arm felt like lead. I could not move my hands and feet, but I heard some noises outside and with a great effort I sat up and pulled the curtains back to look out the window."

"People were working on the nearby hill and a cross was standing again."

"I had suffered a stroke. At first I could not talk and I could not move. The people of the village took care of me. Gradually I got better. Nothing miraculous happened. I recovered, except that, as you can see, my left arm is partly paralyzed. I lost my job as gardener, though I did get a small pension. I had to leave my house, and I had to leave the forest, the park, and my old occupation, which was so dear to me. I lived in the village among people from whom I had expected nothing but hatred."

"One day I suddenly felt that I had to make adequate penance and restitution for the terrible outrages I had committed. I had to try to be more like these people who were good and who risked their lives and kept their faith. I decided to make this pilgrimage and carry the cross I had desecrated. After I had made this vow, my soul became peaceful, and with my new-found peace I started on my journey as if I were going to meet a king."

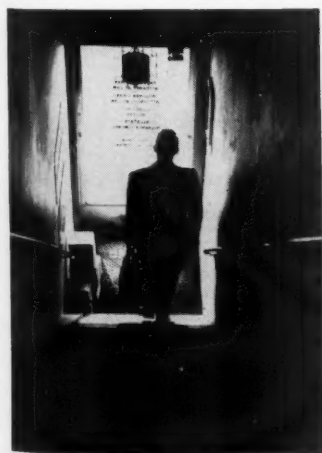
The next day we parted company. He asked for my address. Many months later, I received a postcard from one of the strictest monasteries of Europe. The postcard was from my pilgrim. He had become a lay brother and, as he puts it, "keeper of the cross for life."

ZSOLT ARADI, Hungarian-born author, came to the U. S. after a successful career as Rome correspondent, writer, editor, and publisher. His books include *The Popes*, *The Book of Miracles*, etc. He also edited Cardinal Mindszenty's official papers for publication.

Photographed for The Sign by Ed. Lettau



The McCues, of Pearl River, N.Y., forget the cares of the workaday world during a family romp on a weekend outing



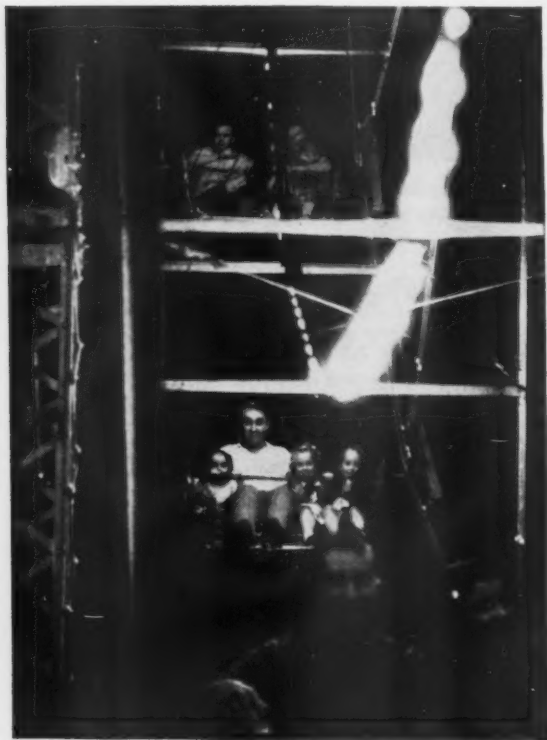
On a Friday afternoon, John McCue leaves insurance office for two days with his family

What's the weekend for? Why, it's a chance for the family to pick up the pieces from daily living and deepen their love

In spite of all the talk about togetherness, this is the age of the fragmented family. All week long, the demands of modern living send the members of the family on their separate ways. Wives are more and more tempted to find interests outside the home, children have endless activities removed from the hearth, and many husbands who leave for work early in the morning, not to return until dusk, feel that the business world has conspired to make them strangers in their own home. Unless a family bucks this pressurized living, its family life—the very spirit of unity—will wither and die. The weekend offers a chance to get off the treadmill and build up family comradeship, provided the time is intelligently planned. For the father especially, the weekend gives him the chance to be the real leader of household life, as the McCues of Pearl River, N. Y., show in these photos of a typical summer weekend.

John and Kay McCue and their six daughters, ages 11 to 2, live in the village of Pearl River, N. Y., an hour's drive from Manhattan. McCue is an insurance salesman. He taught school for nine years before giving it up so he could support his family. But he's retained his interest in education and was elected to the public school board (though his own children attend parochial school); in a recent 14-day period, he had to attend 13 meetings. John and Kay are New York state representatives on the Christian Family Movement's executive committee. So their life is, as Kay is prompted to say, "not normal, but normally hectic." "For us," adds her husband, "the weekend is a time to overcome these pressures and build up family communication through activities."

Friday Night



McCue builds "family communication" by taking family to village carnival to start weekend off



Six-year-old Clare radiates enthusiasm for her Daddy. The

Saturday Morning

The essence of the McCues' approach to weekend living is time spent together. Accordingly, on Friday nights, the family looks around the community to see what's going on that they can all attend. Frequently, they pile into their station wagon and head for a drive-in movie. Saturday morning, they're up early for Mass, and then the girls start their assigned tasks around the house so that the rest of the day will be clear for fun—maybe a picnic or drive in the country. The parents are unenthusiastic about TV ("its level is pretty low"), but permit a little of it Saturday evening. After the children's bedtime, John and Kay spend the rest of the evening preparing for Sunday.



McCues' five other children are Maureen, 11, Cathy, 9, Denise, 7, Barbara Sue, 4, and Patty Beth, 2



Mass and Holy Communion are always on the McCues' Saturday agenda. Church is two miles away



Grace at meals and family prayers bring religion into the happy children's lives



Patty Beth wants to sample the groceries

Saturday's Chores

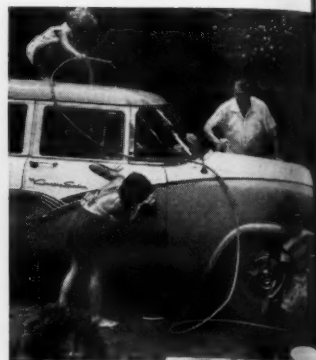
Kay: "In the family circle, we learn wisdom, patience, understanding, and joy that are not to be learned as well elsewhere. Our personalities reach their highest development through family self-giving"



There is always washing of one kind or another to be done



Denise at her weekly task. Kay's mother lives with the McCues, helps out, too



John finds he has lots of help on this job



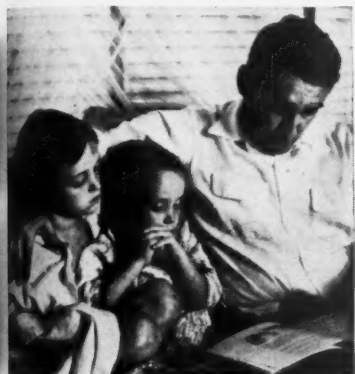
Assembly-line methods are useful for large families. Kay and John's teamwork is a steady lesson in marriage



Even helping the children with clothes, says John, establishes comradeship which deepens love



The family spends most of the afternoon at county fair



John selects reading which will show children saints were heroes

Saturday's Fun

John: "Our children are disciplined, but we try to provide an atmosphere of joy, too, so they'll enjoy their youth and see their parents' deep interest in them"



A sack race at the county fair provides the McCues with laughs, tumbles, and a few scratches. Hamburgers are next

Sunday

The McCues find their happiness not in mere amusement, but in their family society—a bulwark of the Church and community

After Mass, John turns chef and youngsters line up for French toast



Foreign students come calling. "Our children accept other races," says Kay. "They know it's the soul that counts"

Often on Sunday afternoons, Kay and John McCue are hosts to groups of foreign students attending university in New York. The students greatly appreciate this hospitality because not many American homes are open to them—especially if their skin is not white. "Actually," says McCue, "our family has learned a lot about the customs of other people right here in our own backyard."

The party moves indoors and John and Kay respond to children's urging for an Irish jig





Their weekend together nearly over, the McCues kneel around a shrine to say the Rosary in thanks for the joy of a peaceful, loving family life



Cus D'Amato with champion Floyd Patterson. Cus has kept him pretty much concealed

CAN EITHER ONE FIGHT?

If legal entanglements don't interfere, two leading heavyweights meet this month to find if either one can fight

by **RED SMITH**

A few years ago, Ingemar Johansson was a pick-and-shovel laborer in Gothenburg, a burly street-fighter who was getting a sort of name for himself in Sweden's second city, and the name wasn't Little Goodie Two-Shoes.

Today he is an authentic tycoon with an office where three secretaries are kept busy answering four telephones. New equipment of his contracting firm includes four caterpillar tractors and ten trucks. He has a small fortune invested in a plush fishing boat, runs a correspondence school for ambitious athletes, plans a new real estate development and building concern. He is a comely and muscular buck of twenty-six, curly-haired, snub-nosed, elegantly dressed by a Swedish tailor whose raiment he models professionally.

All these remunerative interests are sidelines. He is a fist fighter by trade, currently occupied with a quest for the heavyweight championship of the world. With the laudable aim of punching Floyd Patterson loose from the title, he has come to these shores accompanied by his mother and father, two brothers, a sister, a lady friend, a bottleholder, a business adviser, and assorted equerries.

Seven years ago, on the day Patterson was winning the Olympic middleweight championship in Helsinki, Swedish newspapers carried banner headlines on page one reading: "Ingemar! For

Shame!" because Johansson, in an amateur heavyweight match, had impersonated a bull rabbit.

For his display of aggravated pacifism in the ring with the American Ed Sanders, Ingemar was disqualified by Olympic authorities, denied the silver medal as runner-up in the division, and reviled in the press of his homeland. Yet out of this deep disgrace he has risen to the European professional championship, a position of eminence and a degree of personal popularity in his country immeasurably greater than the world champion's fame.

This may prove that a fighter is wise to manage himself. Ingemar does. Floyd decidedly does not.

Comparison of the two is a study in parallels and contrasts. Both won amateur titles before going to Helsinki and both turned professional a few months after the Olympics, Patterson to capitalize on his success as star of the American team, Johansson to redeem a tarnished reputation.

Both advanced rapidly as professionals, without the inconvenience of fighting opponents of the top rank. Joey Maxim, the former light-heavyweight champion, won a disputed decision from Patterson in 1954. This was Floyd's only defeat as a professional and Maxim was the only first-rate fighter Patterson met until he was matched with Archie Moore, Maxim's successor

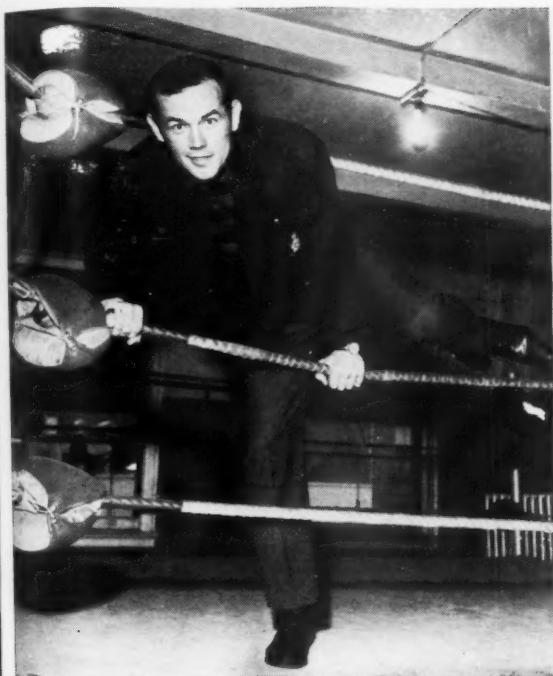
as 175-pound champion, for the heavyweight title Rocky Marciano had abandoned.

November 30, 1956, was one of the few occasions in a long and perhaps blameless life when Moore couldn't fight at all. Patterson flattened him in the fifth round.

Two months earlier, the undefeated Johansson had won the European title by knocking out an Italian named Franco Cavicchi in Bologna. He had won the Scandinavian championship in his fourth professional match and the bout with Cavicchi was his fifteenth.

Up to this point, Patterson and Johansson had been traveling parallel paths. From here Ingemar's route turned sharply upward, and Floyd got lost. Patterson was only twenty-one that night his hand was lifted in victory over Moore. Hardly anybody realized that he was on the threshold of obscurity darker than any heavyweight champion before him had known. That was because hardly anybody appreciated the rare gifts of Cus D'Amato, his manager.

D'Amato has described himself—in one of the classic understatements of American letters—as a man of suspicious nature. When Patterson was plodding up through the six-round preliminaries, his manager was bawling incessantly about Jim Norris, America's ruling promoter, whom Cus accused of discrim-



Left: Johansson climbs into ring in New York. He'll fight Patterson at Stadium in June

Above: Ingemar shows his fists. He'll have more difficulty with Patterson than with the camera

inating against the fighter. Mollified when Norris gave Patterson the title shot with Moore, D'Amato remained on speaking terms with the promoter just long enough to borrow \$15,000 from him.

Since then D'Amato has done virtually all the fighting and kept the champion in hiding.

As self-appointed dictator of boxing, D'Amato disqualified so many promoters, managers, and fighters that Patterson has been starved for action. Eight months after winning the title, Floyd stopped Hurricane Jackson, a backward boy foolishly ranked as the leading contender.

Ten hours or so after Patterson won the professional championship, a soldier named Pete Rademacher won the amateur title by dismantling a Russian heavyweight in the Olympic final in Melbourne, Australia. A persuasive talker, Pete induced friends in Columbus, Ga., to guarantee D'Amato a purse of \$250,000, and with an effrontery that awed even such a master of larceny as Dr. Jack Kearns, D'Amato matched the world champion with this unluckied cub.

The novice knocked the champion down once, fell down seven times in six rounds. The promoter of that one, Cus' friend Jack Hurley, has been expiating his sins ever since as advance man for the Harlem Globetrotters, a team of basketball clowns.

A year later D'Amato shook a third challenger out of a tree in the Big Thicket of Texas. Roy Harris, a backwoods school teacher in a community of ax-handle warriors called Cut and Shoot, Tex., also knocked the champion down. Patterson demolished him in twelve rounds.

Within two years after Patterson succeeded to the title, D'Amato had accomplished a feat unprecedented in the fist-fight industry. The cognoscenti would have deemed it impossible. He had removed the heavyweight champion of the world from public view so successfully that the guy wouldn't have been recognized in a police lineup. He had made a mockery of the title and a laughingstock of the young man who was allowed to defend it only against a backward boy, an amateur, and a cartoon character.

Meanwhile, Johansson was soaring in the esteem of his countrymen and prospering hugely in his many activities. D'Amato would have no part of Eddie Machen, a young Californian who had risen to the rank of Number One contender, but Johansson took Machen on and dispatched him in the first round.

This moved the Swede into a position where D'Amato couldn't ignore him, for Ingemar had never been known to say hello to Jim Norris. Reluctantly Cus agreed to a title match in June, but first he brought off a coup that was

typically, triumphantly, in the D'Amato tradition. He moved an Englishman into the title picture ahead of Johansson, an Englishman named Brian London who had qualified by losing the British Empire championship.

Patterson demolished London in the eleventh round. There are a couple of lawsuits threatened—one by Machen who claims prior right to a rematch with Johansson and one by the British champion, Henry Cooper.

If these legal entanglements don't interfere, the world's two leading heavyweights are supposed to meet this month to determine whether either of them can fight. Both are supposed to be punchers; nobody knows whether either can take a punch.

Thousands of Swedes are expected to come clamoring over by ship and plane to urge their hero on. The Swedes are a peace-loving people who have never before produced a challenger for the heavyweight championship. The poet pictures them as patient, plodding farmers, thus:

"Across the plains where once
there roamed
The Indian and the Scout,
The Swede with alcoholic breath
Sets rows of cabbage out."

They rely on Ingemar to rewrite the script.

She was trained to respect her

*It was that sad and simple letter that
sent Esther to the garden*

Luke

er." But there were finer, more important things.

ELEGY

TOWARD the end of the summer the garden was the thing that Esther finally turned to. It lay to the south of the large, white-pillared, old house, a few feet east of the blue spruce and just west of the apple trees and the poplars that hid the alley. This morning, it was the twenty-sixth day of August, there was an autumn chill in the haze-blue air.

Esther, her thin hand on the stem of a rubrum lily, noted that the chrysanthemums, beaded over with dew, were crowded with immature blooms. She broke the rubrum lily nine inches below the flower and laid it across the firm mass of chrysanthemums. Wide, white petals curled back streaked and spotted blood-red. Nearby the tall, limp white stock spread its melancholy fragrance reminding her of a room dressed for death. Tawny tiger lilies had crept from their bed under the apple trees and were advancing wildly through the empty spaces of the garden. Mrs. Leova did not care for them. They could not be made to keep their place, she said.

But Esther was of the opinion that one could get too finely cultivated in one's idea of place. She was, she knew, on the side of the tiger lilies. But often, in her crisp and guarded conversations with her mother, she wondered who she was. It struck her that she could be any one of her middle-aged friends, so well had she conformed to the pattern of comfortable, intelligent, Summit Avenue living. It had been an easy strategy to keep the wild tiger-lily truth of her heart from the ordered area of their lives. But now she saw that it didn't matter.

There had been news in the morning mail. It lay in the wrought-iron box at eight-ten. Now it was eight-twenty. It

by Ellen Murphy



was that sad and simple letter that sent Esther to the garden in the midst of her breakfast and that made her suddenly conscious of her thin, dark-veined hands and of the tiger lilies coming across the garden. Now she knew what she would do. It was as if there lay an unusual illuminating power in the morning sunshine. Her heart felt clarified. The wildness, pacified in her so long, seemed now to walk out of her heart with an easy, lissome grace.

This decision, made in love, disciplined her. In the habit of quoting Shakespeare in her most intense moments, she said to the rubrum lilies, "Carlos, I come." Her green loafers, wet from walking through the lawn dew, were caked with black dirt from the garden. Her hair was drawn back from her skull with a rubber binder so that it hung free from her thin neck in a great, gray-brown bunch. Esther did not feel her mortality out here among the flowers and that was why the sight of her thin, dark-veined hands against the rubrum lilies made her think "Perhaps I am too old after all."

With five rubrum lilies Esther left the garden, stepped out of her earth-heavy shoes on the porch, and went into the kitchen, where Mrs. Leova still sat at the breakfast table reading the fall gardening news from the morning paper. The sad, little letter on ruled paper lay near Esther's coffee cup. Esther gathered the letter up gently and said, "I'm going up there this morning, Mother. To East Grand Forks. I'll take the train. The Mainstreeter leaves at ten, central daylight. Perhaps you could pack these lilies with wads of wet paper. Mrs. Silveros will love them."

ESTHER'S HAND SHOOK as she put the lilies into her mother's hands. It was the first time in her thirty-nine years that she had deliberately chosen what she wanted. And yet, this was not sudden. The moment had been maturing for twenty years. So slowly perfecting, so deeply hidden, must not the bloom come beautiful and full? If it did not, her whole meaning was lost.

Mrs. Leova folded the paper and laid the lilies upon it. Her cool, light-gray eyes regarded her daughter judiciously. "It is your age, Esther," she said. "You have been so nervous. But you'll see when you get up there that you can't live like that. You can comfort them, yes. I hope that you will tell them how sorry I am. But Carlos, Esther! No. I wish that I could make you see how wild that thought is."

"Yes, it is wild," agreed Esther softly. "The Silveros are not wild, though. And Carlos is a world of culture in the finest, truest sense of the word." She remem-

bered her hot, little, slivered foot in the gentle, brown hand of Papa Silveros. How sensitively his fingers had worked the slivers out one by one. She was eight years old and her mother had warned her not to walk the two-by-four on the wire fence in her bare feet. That day she knew in every nerve of her child's body that Mr. Silveros was a gentleman.

By her mother's manner and speech, Esther had been taught from her cradle the theory that a Mexican can never be the equal of the Leovas, or, in fact, of any white-skinned person no matter how fallen. Ten years after the removal of the slivers, Esther had learned many things on her own. It was then that the one event of her life occurred. The Silveros boy, Carlos, had walked home with her along the cottonwood lane in early August. The evening smelled of ripe grain and there was an early moon and fireflies. Carlos kissed Esther on the Leova's porch steps. Esther's brother John saw him from across the road. Soon after that the Leovas had moved from their farm on the outskirts of East Grand Forks. They had moved to St. Paul. And that was twenty years ago.

Everything that happened to Esther after that was on a different level, as if she had ascended a stage. My nativity was surely not for this, she often thought. Yet, being shy and uncertain about herself, she accepted the pattern that her mother traced for her. She felt masked with her lotions and lipstick and saw her life as dancing and drama. As a high school English teacher, she lived tolerably for sixteen out of the twenty years, sharpening her perceptions of life on the literature that she read and taught. It was a thin way to live, if that were all. But she had lived it with Papa Silveros in mind. It was from him that she had learned Garcia Lorca and Keats and Shakespeare and Henry James and Rilke and the Japanese.

Setting her mud-caked shoes on a page of the paper and scraping them with her butter knife, she said, "When dad left the farm to me, mother, he knew what he was doing. Sometimes I think that dad dealing in tractors from a desk was like me living my life through literature with an absence for a lover and flowers for children. No wonder dad died of anemia. That sounds shocking even to me, but it's true." Esther remembered all the nights during her young girlhood in St. Paul when she had tried to recapture the blessedness of Carlos' kiss in a dream.

Sun from the east window struck her mother in the eyes and she rose to shut the blinds. Passing behind Esther she laid her old, ringed hand on Esther's bare and bony shoulder. "You are only being romantic, Esther. And so was your

father. Things are really not as you see them. I wish that you would make an appointment with Dr. Richter. Your prowling about in the early morning worries me."

Esther's gentle mouth twisted a little sardonically. It seemed pathetically humorous, somehow, that she, model child, aged thirty-nine, without really taking a step should be so suddenly carried by the hair, as it were, like Habacuc, by an angel, into a new world. There are angels, then, she marveled. She was a Protestant. She did not know what kind,

SHE AND HER MOTHER went seldom to church and when they did it seemed not to matter which. Two weeks ago on her way home from the golf course, she passed Our Lady of Guadalupe Church and saw on the steps a woman who looked so remarkably like Mrs. Silveros that Esther stopped and followed her into the dark, candle-lit church. And being in, she saw a young Mexican praying before an image of Our Lady that was just like the one the Silveros family had in their living room. It filled Esther with awe and joy, coming in from the golf course to find Juan Diego and the kind and glorious Virgin in this district of St. Paul.

Her mother would certainly have called a psychiatrist if she knew that her daughter had been, the past ten mornings, kneeling at six o'clock Mass with the Mexicans all bowing and kissing their hands to God and the saints around her. She always left her hat in the car and wore a brown kerchief over her head in the church. All of this did not seem a bit fanatical to her. Peace and courage came over her heart there and she simply believed without doing anything about it. Her father had been a "fallen away" as the relatives called him. It seemed thus right to her that she should believe. She bought a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe and hid it in her jewel case. She thought, "I must remember to transfer it to my handbag."

Her mother took a plastic bag and stuffed the bottom with wet newspaper. She put the rubrum lilies carefully in and searched the cupboard for a box.

"Don't worry about your old baby," said Esther, wiping her shoes with the want-ads of the newspaper. "I am only a little crazy, like Pete." She laughed and crossed her arms with the shoes on her hands. Mrs. Leova smiled. Pete was the foolish Uncle who could not tell his right shoe from his left.

Twenty minutes later Esther came downstairs dressed in a navy blue dress with gold braid trim. Mrs. Leova thought that it became her exceedingly well. The hollows in her cheeks gave her a sad, sweet, sophisticated look. She

had pinned a white rose at her neckline. All that she needed she carried in a large blue handbag. The flowers were in a white box tied with tulle ribbon.

Esther brought the car around to the side and they rode to the depot in a thoughtful silence. Waiting for a light at Seven Corners, Mrs. Leova said, "Carlos is forty-one now. He is doubtless has lots of good sense. He is intelligent, I admit. But then you know, Esther, that's not enough for our kind of happiness."

Esther kept her profile carefully serene for her mother's short appraisal. Words were powerless, after all. Besides, if Carlos saw her in a shaft of sunlight, could he love her still? They both had a great regard for physical beauty she remembered. The letter had said nothing of love. Only that Mr. Silveros was dead.

"Farewell, dearest mother," Esther said, kissing her through the open car window. "I'll call you after the funeral. Tom and I were to have gone golfing Sunday morning. Please let him know that I've gone to a funeral. I've told him about the Silveros."

Mrs. Leova said, "Ah, Tom! Marry him, Esther! And try to sleep on the train, dear. Give my sincerest sympathy to Rosa and Carlos and the others." Her left hand, diamonded, swept upward in a flashing farewell.

The Silveros came up from Mexico sometime during the troubled twenties. They came in a little Ford that caught grasshoppers in its honey-comb radiator. The radiator gurgled and threw its silver cap into the air like a thirsty baby every few miles. Papa and Mama Silveros were as indulgent to the little Ford as they were to the little Carlos. On and on they traveled through powder-blue, dusty days and navy-blue, starred nights, under hot, heavy-handed sun and cold, slapping rain, through the diversity of twenty-one days and seven of the united states.

The Silveros family were en route to the sugar-beet fields in the Red River Valley because they could not go to Mass in Mexico. At night, as they sat on the high, hard, black leather seat of the Ford, their dark, dusty forms looked serenely great, mysterious, and splendid in the halation of the prairie moonlight. Mama would clean the dust from between Carlos' toes with a large, soft leaf of ragweed that grew almost head-high in the dry ditches. Getting them ready for sleep, she would tell little Carlos and Anna and Pedro that you cannot get ready for heaven if you do not do all in your power to go to Mass on Sundays and on the Holy Days. That was why papa was willing to give up his pleasant position teaching English and Spanish to young men and women in Mexico.

THE FIELDS OF ASPHODEL

What happened then in the air
I could not tell,
it spun such a sparkled stir,
twirled all in a shimmering whirr,
and scented of lilac and of asphodel,
as if by flowery wings
of bright, electric, archangelic things
that could be Gabriel,
Michael, Raphael
around me as I came —
in that air it seemed I swam —
from the altar rail.

Yet was no time to spend
even on such heavenly band
as that great escort thrown
in casual power
around myself, so grown
within the fragrant splendor of that hour.
Yet, oh, in a mazed, glad daze
for one brief instant's fleet
endeavor to remember what I was,
I thought of the meek land
beneath my feet —
whereon was given place
that I might stand
recipient of such grace —
and I blessed it with my hand
and called it sweet.

— SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

The Trujillo cousins wrote that there was work to do in the sugar-beet fields. They could go to Mass in Minnesota. Papa wrote for a teaching position in the schools, but he was told that they would not accept applications from a Mexican. Papa's English was impeccable. Mama's was not quite so fine, but she talked with papa often about the poets. Mama's dark eyes shone with reverence and she pressed Carlos to her soft, soft breast and put her cheek down to his crisp, black hair as she told him that Our Lady of Guadalupe would love papa as much as she loved the little Juan Diego because he was making a humble sacrifice so that they could all go to heaven.

Then one dry, hot afternoon they crossed from South Dakota into Minnesota. The next morning Carlos woke to the odor of grain-scented dew. They were on the outskirts of East Grand Forks. They drove past the whitewashed shacks, the gray, board shacks, and the tar-paper shacks of their countrymen. The small shacks all leaned eastward in the weeds because of the strong west wind that blew so constantly against them.

Mr. Silveros held his sombrero over his breast and bowed a little in his round shoulders when he talked to the manager of the sugar-beet factory. Carlos gazed straight up into the manager's face and saw that it was egg-shell color

and that his eyes were lavender blue like the thistles that they passed in the ditches. The manager did not bow his head but gazed clear off into the prairies where there was nothing to stop his gaze but a red grain elevator and scrolls of cirrus clouds that were piling up around the rim of the vast sky. The manager said, "Yes, yes," when Mr. Silveros asked about going to school and to church.

They all knew that papa did not like pulling sugar beets up out of the ground. The long, dry rows were not lines of poetry to him. They made him blink and stoop until he felt stupid and too tired to remember. The wages were so small that he could not afford leisure. Without leisure, papa said, you cannot be fully free in your mind. Sometimes papa felt that God had him in a cage. But mama reminded him that he would lose poetry and beauty forever if he did not offer to God the Holy Sacrifice as He had commanded them to do. Papa knew that this was true. His black eyes would soften then and he would shrug his shoulders and make the Sign of the Cross in reparation for his impatience.

IN A FEW YEARS, Carlos was ready to go to school with Pedro and Anna. He and Esther Leova, the manager's daughter, were the youngest in the school and so they shared the small double desk up near the teacher's platform. That was where Carlos Silveros met Esther Leova. Their formal education began together there on the prairies. It was Carlos who helped Esther with her tables of nine. It was he who mended her bicycle and held her feet when she hung head down in the well to hear her voice echo. She climbed the hard, cold, silvery, wire ladders of the Leovas' fence with him where the wild buckwheat vines curled so tightly. There on the narrow road of the gray, two-by-four fence top they learned together the vertical direction of dreams.

During those years papa Silveros grew old and tired. The wage was so very, very small and the hours in the dusty fields were long. Papa tried at first to get ahead by talking of his ideas to the manager. The manager was kind but he did not want to hear about Mr. Silveros' ideas. He wanted only his hands and his time. And so Mr. Silveros gave in gently to the exigencies of American industry, for he had learned in literature that all men are greedy if they do not understand what life is for.

He thought that he could very easily become a greedy Mexican, if it had not been for the heavenly insight of mama Rosa and the poets. In this mood papa Silveros settled down to be outwardly a typical Mexican coming in from the sugar-beet fields to sit against the white-

washed wall with his sombrero to shield his dreaming eyes from the thieving American realists. So the Silveros family remained poor. But papa taught them to live by the gift of knowledge. In the rows of sugar beets he saw the vanity of the world and in the prairie sky he saw the grandeur of God. No one but mama and the children knew what was in his heart. And that was life. At Mass papa kissed his hand to Jesus and Mary and whatever saints were imaged in the church. He knelt on his haunches, humbly worshipping God Almighty. Thus he taught Carlos and the others what mama Rosa meant when she said that Mexicans must be humble.

Carlos grew tall and wise. He learned from Esther Leova that he was really no different from her. Their education kept them together. And then, when Esther was one day beautifully eighteen and going away to college, Carlos, thinking of the long absence, kissed her on the porch of the Leova's farm home. He admired the generous way she gave herself to his warm, southern kiss and yet kept the seemliness of her reserve. That was the only time that they kissed. In a week, she ran over to say that they were moving to St. Paul. She cried so quietly and so desperately hard against Carlos' shirt that he was frightened. He dared not kiss her again, for he felt instinctively that it was that wonderful kiss on the porch step that had caused this to happen. There was nothing to do now but to accept the loneliness, just as his father had accepted the trial of the sugar-beet fields.

Carlos was a good son to his father. By working hard on the neighboring farm, he managed to save enough to help buy a newer, better house in the town. But it took ten years of Carlos' young manhood to do this. Another ten went by paying for the washing machine and other comforts for mama Rosa. Carlos saw fully the absurd, unspeakable dignity of his father only after papa Silveros died in the hot August sun on the beet fields. That night Carlos read Rilke's Swan poem to his mother to comfort her and they wept like children together, saying the rosary in front of the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Late in the evening, Carlos wrote a short note to Esther Leova telling her of Mr. Silveros' death. She will want to know, he said to himself. And he did not let himself think of how it would be if Esther came.

There were very few traveling west on the Northern Pacific that morning. The seat opposite Esther's was vacant until the train stopped in St. Cloud. The girl who got on settled herself in the vacant place. She arranged herself in the seat very carefully as if she were breakable.

The girl had golden eyes. Esther never saw those eyes again but, whenever she thought of that journey to Mr. Silveros' wake, she saw a pale, bronze-haired girl with golden eyes. Pitched to the very point of poetry as she was, Esther thought of the girl as an apocalyptic figure. She still felt drawn by the hair into a mysterious moment of destiny.

Beyond Esther's window to the east, the sky was beginning to be circled with pearl and oyster and navy blue cumulus clouds moving down from the west. It made her feel driven and clouded by the west wind as she had felt as a child. The conductor came through. Esther noticed his young, crooning-looking eyes and mouth. He had an important, satisfied air as he flashed his punch across the tickets. What an extremely ignorant man he must be, Esther thought, to feel so important. She saw him lean slightly against the opposite seat as he reached for the girl's ticket. Though Esther did not look, she felt that the girl must have raised unseeing golden eyes to him and then turned away. The rest of the journey would not be quite the same for the conductor perhaps. Already at the next seat it seemed to Esther that he was vaguely dissatisfied. She imagined him ruefully asking himself, "What is it to be a railway conductor?" And down the rest of the aisle his uncertain back answered, "It is nothing."

Esther felt that she knew what it was to be both limited and magnificent. Sorrow that is two-thirds joy is very illuminating. She wanted to say to the conductor, "When you are humble, man, you will be magnificent. Your punch will be the punch of ten. . . ." It had been her habit always while journeying to analyze her companions. There were no others to be seen. She pressed her graying, brown head back into the Northern Pacific symbol on the seat cover and shut her eyes. Though her eyes were still almost the blue of flowering flax, they were tired from the strain of the morning. Long ago she had given up daydreaming, but now suddenly she felt a shoulder under her head. She let her head rest on the dream shoulder while she said to herself that death shall be no more nor mourning nor weeping . . . and all the former things have passed away.

ON THROUGH MINNESOTA she rode wondering about death. She was thirty-nine and some year would be the year of her death. Could you die if you had never lived your own life? Esther thought of the way last year's Senior English class listened to her reading "Dover Beach" and "In Memoriam." Everyone wonders, she mused. No one

knows, except perhaps those who believe what Dante believed.

The train lurched. Carlos' shoulder became again the tan seat cover. The train was stopping at the little prairie town of Fertile. The golden-eyed girl was halfway down the aisle.

A WORN-LOOKING woman with two children came down the aisle and stopped at the seat left vacant by the girl. The woman was broad and brown, coarse as a burlap bag. The two little girls were a fine, creamy white with yellow hair. They reminded Esther of sweet corn. They were not, like Esther, appalled by the harsh husk of their mother's body. On the green seat they pushed close to her from both sides and looked sheltered. Ruth in the cornfield worn out with her reaping, thought Esther. The train moved swiftly forward and Esther closed her eyes again, saying a litany of towns to herself. She couldn't remember the exact order. There would be Ulen and Detroit Lakes, Manitoba Junction, and then was it Crookston? East Grand Forks was thirty miles on from Crookston. She opened her eyes to try to place the scenery. The conductor came by. "What time do we arrive in East Grand Forks?" Esther asked him in her soft, shy voice. He did not hear the question and bent gallantly toward her. She suddenly thought, "Perhaps I am still a bit beautiful." She repeated her question. "At five-thirty-five," he said and drew away, humming.

Esther turned to the window. It was three-thirty. She had not gone to dinner but she was not hungry. The sun caught a gull's wings flying low over a field of summer fallow. Then there was a half-reaped field of golden barley. A combine was stopped by the side of a fence and a young, sun-darkened farmer drank from a canteen. The train stopped for a minute at Ulen, where Esther saw a truck heaped with grain draw up to the red grain elevator. The burlap woman and her sweet-corn daughters descended and hurried along the platform to the dusty, square-faced man who waited with his arms out to them.

The train stopped awhile at Manitoba Junction. All around it looked absolutely unpeopled. Far out in a pasture Esther saw a clump of tiger lilies. A little boy rode up out of the distance. He got down, holding his horse by the bridle while he picked a bunch of the tiger lilies. When he got up on his horse and rode off, Esther could see the lilies bobbing across the horse's mane.

The scene made her feel for a moment that all things are immortal. The train began to move. She closed her

eyes until she guessed they were nearly half-way to Crookston.

East Grand Forks came suddenly after Crookston. There was a short, excited whistle, a rush past the beet fields and the factory and then the train stopped abruptly at the little depot. Esther was the only one getting off. There was no one at the depot but an old man that she thought she remembered as John Anderson. She and Carlos had called him "my Jo John" when he peddled the Watkins products. At every visit, he gave her a flask of lily-of-the-valley perfume that her mother did not want her to have. Now he was slowly pulling a bag of mail from the train.

A pile of yellow cottonwood leaves lay on the platform under the trees. As Esther walked past, the wind rustled the leaves and a flutter of them fell. She scooped up two of the most golden of them and put them in her handbag.

The Silveros family now lived two blocks east of the depot. Esther felt impelled to hurry, but she could not hurry over the broken sidewalks in her high heels. She passed a telephone pole ringed with yellow and cerise moss roses. She passed a house with white, graying paint peeling. The house sagged in every direction and seemed held up only by the masses of hollyhocks and sunflowers that grew hard up against the foundation. From the next block she could see Silveros' house. It was low and long with a low pillared porch in front. A great elm tree in the yard reached golden-leaved branches over the roof. A bed of deep purple pansies lay along the edge of the porch. The living room shades were drawn.

Esther stepped tiptoe on the porch so that her heels would not sound a harsh note in the quiet yard. Her hand hesitated on its way to the mother-of-pearl button bell. She disliked the thought of its ringing. A doorbell in the house where a death has been is a dreadful sound, she thought. Her own father's death two years ago shook her to the depths of her heart. Carlos came to the terrible funeral. His was the only Sign of the Cross, she remembered. It had been the only comfort she had in the cold, indifferent ceremony. It was really at her father's funeral that she had learned how incurably she loved Carlos.

Esther pressed the pearl bell gently once and waited. Then slowly and softly the narrow, old, white door was pushed open and mama Rosa stood shading her eyes from the slant of the afternoon sun. Her brown face, rigid with sorrow, seemed drawn taut across the cheekbones with the intensity of her effort to master the anguish. It seemed to Esther that her dark eyes had sunk to the depth of her soul and from

there looked out in a velvety night blackness. After a moment Mrs. Silveros saw Esther take shape before her in the dazzling glow of the sun on the porch. Without a word, the old arms drew Esther through the doorway and they rocked each other back and forth in a lullaby of grief. Then mama Rosa remembered her courage and her faith. "Come," she said, "In here is papa." Esther undid the box of rubrum lilies and put them in Mrs. Silveros' hands. "I cut them this morning in the dew. They are for Mr. Silveros. It did not seem right to bring him a wired wreath."

"They are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," said Mrs. Silveros. She opened the brown door in the hallway. The old living room with its low ceiling was scrubbed and polished and filled with white and gold chrysanthemums. The room seemed dark and holy and pungent as a church where incense has lately been swung for the sweetening of an oblation. At one end—in a plain, gray, cloth-covered coffin—lay Mr. Silveros. The quiet of his humble, intelligent face was not startling. He lay there accepting and accepted, she thought, at last in his own milieu. A bronze cross with an ebony figure of Christ stood over the coffin on a pedestal. Thick, yellow, wax candles burned on a small table at the foot of the coffin. Between the candles was a small flask of holy water.

While Mrs. Silveros put the rubrum lilies in a silver vase, Esther made the Sign of the Cross on herself and then took the holy water and sprinkled a little shower of it on papa Silveros' breast. She had often seen the Mexicans do this for the dead and she felt now that it was right for her to do it. Mrs. Silveros, looking at papa, began to sob softly. Esther took her hand and they knelt together beside the coffin. Looking into papa's face, Esther prayed earnestly without any words so that her prayer was an effort to understand rather than a petition. Love and death and life. What were they?

IN A FEW MOMENTS there were steps on the porch. A shadow fell across the drawn shades at the end of the room. Esther looked at Mrs. Silveros. Mrs. Silveros gazed back at her with a sad confidence and whispered, "It is Carlos." Neither of them arose from their knees. Esther knew Carlos to have opened the door and she felt him take in the meaning of what he saw. With five reverent steps he was beside her. As he knelt with the Sign of the Cross, Esther held out her hand to him. They stayed thus for several minutes, hand in hand, looking up at the calm, old face of papa Silveros against the mass of white and gold chrysanthemums.



Vision and Desire

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

When we speak of the joy of heaven we have to admit that we do not know in any great detail of what that joy consists. We know that heaven is essentially God. But since we cannot fully comprehend God, we are back where we started, with the incomprehensibility of heaven. In the end we are reduced to awe, to wonder, and to desire.

There are, however, a few things we can know about heaven and the vision we will enjoy there. We can arrive at some notion of the knowledge we will have of God in heaven by comparing it with the knowledge we have of God in this life.

While we still walk the earth we can arrive at some knowledge of God through the senses. The knowledge we have of God through the senses is indirect; through the senses we know the reflection of God's perfections. We see the beauty of a great mountain and our minds grasp in some distant manner the majesty of God. Or we see the glory of a desert sunset and we understand in some dark, obscure way the beauty of God.

Besides the knowledge of God we have through the senses there is faith, which is also a species of knowledge. By faith we know that God exists, that He is our Father, that He is three in One, that He is Love. But the knowledge of faith too is a dark knowledge. We see and we know, and that with certainty, but not with full clarity. The knowledge of faith permits us to know God only dimly.

The Reality is more glorious than the knowledge of the senses and of faith would lead us to suspect.

The knowledge that we will have of God in heaven will not be indirect as is the knowledge of Him we have through the senses. Instead of seeing the reflection of God's beauty, we will look upon Beauty itself. Nor will the knowledge be obscure or dark, as is the knowledge we now have of Him through faith. Rather we will see Him

and possess Him in the clarity and fullness of light.

In heaven we will know God directly and immediately. This knowledge will be more direct and more immediate than is our present knowledge of earthly objects. For instance, I know the pencil I am using through my sense of touch and sight. My mind gathers the sense impressions from the fingers and the eyes, correlates the impressions, and an image or idea is formed. This image is the means by which I know the pencil. The image is an intermediary, stands between myself and the pencil.

In heaven we will not know God through any image or idea. Not even an idea will stand between us and God. We will know God immediately, or as the technical manuals would have it, we will know God through the very essence of God. God is what is seen, and God is that by which we see. God is the Object seen. God is the Medium by which, through which we see. "In your Light we see the light."

In this life our knowledge of God is largely negative; that is, we know Him by saying what He is not. He is not limited in any way. He has no imperfections. He is free of all ignorance and weakness. There is not the slightest trace of evil in God. In heaven our knowledge of God will not be negative. We will not know Him by exclusion, but will enjoy that positive direct knowledge which one possesses in the fullness of light. Instead of knowing Him as He is reflected in the objects of His creation—mountains, sunsets—we will know Him immediately. As St. John says, we will know Him "just as He is."

We speak of seeing God in heaven. This is a manner of speaking. The beatific vision is much more than mere beholding. In heaven vision is knowledge, love, possession, wonder, desire, delight.

Our attempts to understand God in this present life are helped by the gift of faith. But even with faith we do not

see clearly and our efforts to understand God are accompanied with the cry "Lord, that I might see." This too will be our cry when we enjoy the vision of God in heaven. Not that God will be distant from us, but that we will never exhaust the far reaches of His perfections. We will go on and on and there will be more and more. Not only to God's kingdom, but to God Himself there is no end.

Since God will "render to every one according to his conduct," some will see more or more clearly than others. The vision of God, of course, is one, and the joy of heaven is one, and all who enter heaven will participate in that one vision and one joy, but some will participate to a greater, some to a lesser degree. This is what St. Paul is teaching when he speaks of the difference between stars. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another of the stars; for star differs from star in glory. So also with the resurrection of the dead."

Though there are degrees of glory in heaven, all will possess God and be possessed by Him. All will enjoy the vision of God without interruption or diminution. The life that is lived will be none other than the life of the "living God," and that life is as constant and indefectible as God Himself.

When we speak of heaven we are like children, for we are reduced to stutterings. We must admit that when we have said all, we have said very little. St. Paul can only hint at the immediacy and clarity and simplicity of the vision. "We see now through a mirror in an obscure manner, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I have been known."

Now we cannot know the utter simplicity of the vision, face to face, nor the holiness of what is seen. In this life we cannot know this. Here knowledge must stand at the door; only love can enter. We are left with awe, with wonder, and with desire.



THE ST. LOUIS CODE'S 5 "D's"

DATING: Steady dating (the exclusive and frequent dating of one boy and one girl) not allowed for any high school teenagers, except juniors and seniors for whom the prospect of marriage is both immediate and prudent. Group activities encouraged on all grade levels; parties limited to six a year for 7th and 8th graders, with a 9:30 p.m. curfew. Legion of Decency A-III, B and C movies, as well as all Drive-In Theatres banned.

DRESS: Modest and attractive clothes encouraged.

DRINKING: Can create major problems. Alcoholic beverages should not be served at any teen-age party, and their use by teen-agers should be prohibited except as accepted within the family circle at home.

DRIVING: Teen-age use of the automobile is a privilege not a "right." Title and full responsibility of a second car for the near-exclusive use of teen-agers should be kept by parents.

DIVERSION: Social entertainment and religious activities for teen-agers in the home should be encouraged by parents. Dating curfews on weekends, 12 midnight; on nights preceding school, one to one-and-a-half hours after event ends; and for proms, 1-2 a.m.

(Note: Copies of the full 32-page booklet entitled "Tips for the Guidance of Teen-agers" may be obtained from San-Del Printing Company, 3644 Enright, St. Louis 8, Mo. Price: 25 cents.)

The Conduct Code Teen-agers Live By

Young people want to know where they stand — even if the rules hurt a little

by **JOHN S. HELLMAN**

It was a bright morning, but the window blinds in Room 107 of the Juvenile Court Building had been drawn tightly against the sunlight. A large number of empty office chairs filled the center of the room, arranged informally before the long table at the far end.

Seated behind the table in a high-backed brown leather chair was Judge David A. McMullan of the St. Louis Juvenile Court. Alongside him sat a young boy in a light gray sport coat and khaki pants. The boy's parents had left the courtroom at the request of the judge. For a moment there was

silence, broken only by the harsh clatter of an air hammer against the parking lot pavement outside an open window. At last the boy leaned forward.

"It's just that they don't care," he said softly. "If they would only sit down and talk to me, tell me what to do, I'd do it. But they don't. They don't even care."

Last year, in the city of St. Louis, 5,845 cases involving teen-agers were referred to the Juvenile Court. Like the young boy that morning in the courtroom, most of these offenders were there because their parents simply "don't care."

Fortunately, a large number of other parents not only do care but are actively engaged in providing their children with proper standards of conduct and practical guidance. Last year in St. Louis, these efforts finally were crystalized in a 32-page booklet, "Tips for the Guidance of Teen-agers," prepared by the St. Louis Archdiocesan Commission on Youth. For one of the members of the commission in particular—Judge David McMullan—the new code offered a welcome answer to a pressing need: "Some reasonable principles so that adults once again can fulfill their responsibilities as parents."

The initial reaction of St. Louis teen-agers to this united show of concern on the part of their parents, however, was more one of apprehension than enthusiasm. The prospect of a printed set of rules filled them at first with doubts and misgivings, and rumor spread that the code was "just terrible" and "far too strict."

"Many of us jumped to conclusions," Kathy McDonough recalls. "We hadn't seen the code, but already we were convinced that it didn't leave us freedom to do anything at all."

Kathy is an active member of the Holy Redeemer Parish Council of Catholic Youth. Four weeks after the code had been released, she was one of 62 teen-agers who attended a parish Communion Breakfast. There on the tables, set before each place, was a copy of the code. After breakfast their pastor, Father J. Edgar Ernst, discussed the booklet with them.

"Oh, there were the usual disagreements," Kathy admits, "especially regarding the time dates should end and whether juniors and seniors should see the Legion of Decency A-III movies. But, as Father explained the book to us, everything became a good deal clearer. I don't think any of us at that point actually resented the book anymore. We had the feeling that people at last were really taking an interest in us."

Following the discussion, the group

unanimously agreed to accept the code and present copies of it to their parents.

The St. Louis Code had its beginnings in November, 1956, when Father James T. Curtin, superintendent of the Archdiocesan High Schools, approached the Councils of Catholic Men and Women with the idea of sponsoring a committee to study the problems of the Catholic teen-ager. This committee later met with representatives from St. Louis University, the local Catholic high schools, the Council of Catholic Youth, and Catholic Charities.

Subcommittees began conducting interviews among parents and teen-agers. By January, 1958, their survey had embraced more than 10,000 people. Out of this mountain of information on parent-child relations, dating, drinking, dress, and recreation, a code was written.

The response was instantaneous and overwhelming. Requests for the code came from people everywhere—from a Lutheran minister in Milwaukee serving as chairman of the Metropolitan Crime Prevention Commission, from an associate professor at Memphis State University as a help "in teaching my education courses," and from a missionary priest in Sao Paulo, Brazil, who conducts a summer camp each year for more than a thousand teen-agers. Some of the requests were accompanied by letters of explanation. Most, however, were as brief and pointed as the note from a father of three: "Would you please send us your code. My wife and I have different opinions on this subject."

In Washington, D.C., the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women began mailing copies of the code to affiliates throughout the country. The archdioceses of Dubuque, Iowa, and New Orleans, La., issued teen-age guides of their own, based in a large part on the St. Louis code. And from Father James J. McQuade, S.J., national promoter of Sodality, came the recommendation that "every Sodality in the country make a study of (the code) . . . and draw up a youth program around it."

By January of this year, less than seven months after the final version of the code was published, more than 50,000 copies had been distributed (and half of them sent outside the St. Louis area). By April, panel discussions on the code, sponsored by the two adult councils, had been held in more than 100 St. Louis parishes, with some additional 40 parishes distributing copies.

A graduate of the Universities of Notre Dame and Connecticut, **JOHN S. HELLMAN** is a staff writer for the *St. Louis Review*.

"It's hard to judge or explain the success of something like the code," says Captain Adolph C. Jacobsmeyer, commander of the juvenile division of the St. Louis Department of Police. "Let's just say that it filled a need, a very real need."

Captain Jacobsmeyer is the father of six children, three of them teen-agers. Several months after the publication of the code, he not only ordered a copy for himself, but 25 additional copies for the juvenile officers in his division.

"Actually the code is a reaffirmation of basic principles, rather than something new or different," the captain observed. "One of the principal causes of juvenile delinquency is the lack of discipline and authority in the home. Without discipline kids become wishy-washy. They need guidance. And that's where the code comes in."

Teen-age guide and rule books could not, of course, be called new by the time the St. Louis code appeared on the scene. Some parishes in Cleveland, for example, already had issued a "Parent-Youth Program," while in Minnesota a 12-page state teen-age code, including a "model" city ordinance on curfews, had been released. From the Archdiocese of Los Angeles had come a booklet which replaced rules with positive principles for the spiritual and physical formation of teen-agers.

What distinguishes the St. Louis code, however, is its comprehensive yet explicit treatment of the teen-age "trouble areas." As a result of the large number of interviews, its findings more accurately approximate actual conditions and attitudes. And, more than a set of restrictions, it offers an approach to an understanding of teen-agers as "distinct persons," differing in "age, sex, and temperament." Its recommendations are based on moral principles, not merely on the practical expediency of "something has to be done." At the same time, each problem is examined beyond its ethical context. Drinking, for example, is considered legally, socially, financially (liquor costs more than the average teen-ager can afford), physically ("Alcohol is a depressant, not a stimulant"), and psychologically.

What has been the teen reaction?

On a recent Sunday afternoon some 20 teen-agers gathered in the offices of the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Youth to talk over the code. Seventeen-year-old Bob Joplin began:

"Most kids seem to feel the code is like an outside authority," he observed. "They don't mind their parents telling them how to act or what to do, but they wonder if this book might not take away some of their freedom."

Ann Aubuchon, 15, agreed, but



PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU

**The code helps
teen-agers keep their
freedom, and it
has put many of them
in touch with their
parents again**

quickly added. "Actually when you've read the code and talked it over with your parents, it isn't bad at all. I know I didn't lose any privileges. In fact, I gained some. My father had always insisted that when the prom comes up I should be home at 1:30. The book said that a person could stay out until 2. I gained a whole half-hour."

Others in the group also admitted that they had found the code far easier on them than they had thought it was going to be.

"Well, not my brother," Wayne Wilms, 14, spoke up. "He was steady dating with one girl for quite some time, but when her mother read the code she stopped them. She said that since he planned on going to college, it was better to break it off. My brother didn't like the idea much, but he agreed. Now, he wouldn't go steady with only one girl for anything. He says he's having too much of a ball by himself."

All agreed that the code should be given the widest distribution possible among teen-agers and adults.

Why?

"Because the Code has started something," Bill Massa, 16, said. "Whether it comes out good or bad, at least it's started something. Just the fact that it leads you to sit down with your parents and talk is a good thing. Most parents and teen-agers are afraid to talk to each other. The teen-ager feels like he's being a little kid if he goes to his parents for help. And the parents fear they might be looked upon as 'mothering' their child if they try to discuss things with him. The code has helped break down that situation."

"A lot of kids are afraid to bring up problems because they feel their parents won't listen," Pat Martens, 15, added.

"That's right," one of the teen-age boys interrupted. "I know that I always was afraid to ask my parents if I could go out, but after we read over the code together, things became easier. I used to go out anyway, but now each time I ask their permission first."

"And it's not just the teen-agers who are afraid either," Pat continued. "A lot of the parents are actually embarrassed about talking over their children's problems with other parents. They seem to feel that other parents aren't facing the same problems with their children. So they've let the problems ride."

The recent panel discussions conducted in the parishes were a big help in this respect, all of the teen-agers felt. And as Bonnie Muth, 16, pointed out, the ones helped most by these discussions were the parents of teen-agers about to enter high school.

"These parents are the ones who suddenly are going to have to face problems like the first boy-and-girl parties," Bonnie said. "Through a discussion of the code, the parents who have older teen-age children can advise and help these other parents. As for the code itself, I feel it should be used as a norm or base by means of which the parents and their children together can work out a 'family code.'"

Much of what has taken place at the various parish meetings on the code would seem to bear out the conclusions the teen-agers themselves reached. Mrs. Donald T. Shawl, who headed the code project and has appeared on numerous

discussion panels since, has noted the changing reaction of parents toward the code.

"At first, the attitude of the parents seemed to be, 'who are you to tell us how to run our children?' Now, however, the parents seem most willing and anxious to talk over problems. And they're gaining from the knowledge that others have faced the same problems with their children and successfully solved them."

Mrs. Shawl admits that many teen-agers probably do not see eye-to-eye with the code, particularly on the matter of dating curfews. "But the parents should realize that even if their children don't like some of the rules laid down, they at least like knowing where they stand."

Seated in the brown leather chair behind the table in Room 207 of the Juvenile Court Building, Judge McMullan stared at the empty chairs before him. The docket for the day had been cleared.

"Of course there's disagreement about the code," he said, rising from his chair. "I wouldn't expect all teen-agers to agree with everything in it, no more than I would expect every parent to agree. And I certainly would never try to sell the code to either group on the basis that everybody does agree with it, because everybody doesn't. But, the code is reasonable. And even though parents and teen-agers might not like all the rules, the important thing is that they accept them."

"And they should try to live the code," the Judge said. "That's really the most important thing."

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Craze For Research

THE WORLD TODAY is full of research—into lives, into governments, into souls. The child's mind, the voter's, the housewife's, the man retired on a pension—all are researched. There is no doubt that much research has yielded help for body and for soul. Let us give all due praise to research which is balanced and valuable. And then let us consider the other side, the fringe that may well be called lunatic. I shall present a fine blooming example of this latter variety.

Research On Babies

WE ALL KNOW that a baby needs love, in the general sense of that word. It has been told us in many ways and especially by those who claim that in institutions babies die when sometimes there seems no reason, when the diet and the care are both good. So well known is this that some child care institutions, such as the Foundling Home in New York City, have what is known as T.L.C., a remedy which stands for tender loving care; it means that volunteers come there to hold the babies for a while, give them personal contact and a sense of human warmth. Nurses are often so busy that though they can and do give physical care, they simply do not have the time to hold the baby or give it the personal affection so evidently needed. Best of all, no doubt, would be the mother herself, but if she is ill or has died, a substitute can give the baby that sense of warmth, of love, of being cared for.

It has also, or has until recently, been the consensus of opinion that there is no substitute for mother's milk. Again, necessity may demand a formula in some cases. But there has been an unhappy tendency in recent years to do away with breast feeding as soon as possible or not start it at all. Bottles are better in every way, runs this theory.

The fact is that the pendulum is swinging way back. Today more than one hospital is trying the new—rather the very old—system of bringing babies and mothers together by having the baby in the room with the mother all the time, or at least part of it, instead of the present method of complete aseptic separation. There are even some doctors who advocate having the baby born at home unless there is a reason for the mother needing special care. But by no means all think this or anything like it. Into this growing awareness of the need of establishing a contact between mother and child as early as possible comes such a bit of research as I am now unfolding.

Now Hear This

I RECENTLY CAME across an article in a daily paper which ties up with the non-nursing viewpoint. The researchers were apparently trying to make the point that a mother is by no means necessary to convey a feeling of warmth and love to her very young baby; "There is little support for the long-held theory that affection and love originate in a mother's satisfaction of a child's primary drive such as hunger and thirst." In a way that is true. It is possible for a baby to find warmth in anyone who holds him and gives

him a vicarious affection. But it is a human being who does this task and it is basically affection that passes from adult to child.

The researcher goes on to prove that all this mothering is way off base and has little fact to back it up. His experiment comes to us by way of a report from a talk given in the University of Wisconsin before the American Psychological Association. And here is how they "learned" that mothers don't matter in the least to babies. The experiment was made with monkeys and it was to prove that the affection an offspring develops for its mother has nothing to do with, in this case, breast feeding. The researcher separated a number of monkeys from their mothers a few hours after they were born and "put them in a number of unique situations in an effort to isolate the chief ingredient of affection."

To isolate this ingredient, two artificial mothers were constructed, one of plain wire mesh and the other of terry cloth and sponge rubber. Each contained an electric bulb which warmed it; each had a nursing bottle concealed in its dummy chest. Then the infant monkeys were introduced to "lactation." Some got the wire mother and some the sponge and cloth mother. They showed an overwhelming preference for the terry cloth pseudoparent. One can hardly blame them; wire mesh, even electric lighted and warmed, seems a poor sort of mother substitute. Even under fear stimuli they clung to the cloth parent. Q.E.D., resulting from this: "The affectionate tie to the cloth mothers seemed similar in every respect to that shown by the two control monkeys for their real mothers."

The speaker put in one small word of caution at that point. This was all just monkeys, of course, and we must, he warned, beware of generalizing too readily from the behavior of the "infrahuman" with that of the "human." Even so, he felt the implications were obvious—that the "chief ingredient of affection" had been isolated.

Funny For Fiction But Tragic For Fact

I DO NOT HAVE time to ponder here on this remarkable statement but I do want to say that the scientists did not apply to their experiment one ingredient—the sense of humor. It seems to me extremely funny to think of a group of them around these dummies, studying the effects of them on day-old monkeys and deducing from this that babies who are not infra don't need mothers. If the suggestion of an electric light and warm fluid is enough, what price mothers, they ask.

It is funny and it is very tragic too. But it is a part of the mechanization of everything, even of human emotions. The researchers did add one gratifying little statement as a footnote. It would seem, they said, that infants—and this time not infra but real humans, "can get the loving they need even from a rag doll." And then comes the clincher: "Even fathers can take over the child-rearing role." So let the so-called head of the house take comfort about his importance in rank. Sponge rubber dummies come ahead of him; then rag dolls; then fathers. But it is reassuring for them to know that they still come ahead of wire dummies as parents.



For the first time in the 223-year history of Bellevue Hospital, a gigantic, world-famed medical institution on New York's lower East Side, a nun is on the staff of 180 interns. Sister Mary Thomas More, of the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary (Marist Sisters), graduated in medicine from Marquette last June, this summer will head for one of her order's missionary posts in either the Pacific or British West Indies.

Bellevue, with its 2,700 beds, is no ordinary hospital, rather almost a medical city. Its association with four medical schools makes it the world's largest medical teaching center, and Bellevue attracts students and doctors as Vienna, Paris, and Edinburgh once did.

A surgical intern, Dr. More (as she is known in the hospital) finds experience comes quickly, handling Bellevue's wide variety of traumatic cases. The pace is exhausting: from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. the next day. But the training is producing a dedicated and competent doctor-missionary.

Dr. More finds Bellevue's emergency ward rarely empty

She treats patients with skill and understanding

INTERN ON A MISSION

A working day for Sister

Mary Thomas More lasts 33 hours

A SIGN PICTURE STORY
PHOTOS BY NANCY SIRKIS





A boy with a broken arm finds a friendly intern in Dr. More who explains X-ray



Dr. More's nephew, Kevin O'Brien, hears something new on a visit

"At one point I had to choose between becoming a nun or doctor; now I am both



When Dr. More graduated from Fordham in 1951, she joined the Marist order and put aside her ambition in medicine. Two years later, her superiors started her on the road to becoming a doctor, a perilous trail which included such obstacles as being slugged twice by "over-agitated" patients in Bellevue's emergency ward. Most of her patients come from the Bowery. Love and a sense of humor are necessary, she says, in the sewing-up and cheering-up treatment. Dr. More is serving Bellevue in "a devoted and admirable way," says Dr. Salvatore R. Cutolo, deputy medical superintendent. "She's a frank and nice person to have with us here."



Sunday Mass in Bellevue's chapel; she fits own program for prayers

On rare day off, Sister Mary Thomas More relaxes at Marist Staten Island convent, and reads of life ahead



She adjusts pin to ease patient with a broken hip



A quick supper—and work continues through the night



In middle of night, she helps patient on way to the bathroom

both

and sometimes, to get everything done, I have to be a juggler''



My Brother's a Sports Writer

by ART SMITH



An experienced and well-known reporter takes a look at one of the best sports writers—his own brother, Red Smith

The most widely read and celebrated sports writer in the world today is Walter Wellesley (Red) Smith. His six-times-a-week column appears in the *New York Herald Tribune* and roughly 110 other newspapers in this and five other countries, and a special article is printed monthly in *THE SIGN*. Among his constant readers and admirers are Ernest Hemingway, Mark Van Doren, Bing Crosby, and uncounted English professors, librarians, and housewives who have no interest whatever in sports but are entranced by fine prose.

In fact, no man currently writing for newspapers has been able to corral such a heterogeneous following. Consequently, Red Smith, who makes a relatively handsome living writing about sports celebrities, has himself become a celebrity and the object of numerous attempts by other writers to explain what makes him tick. That these well-intentioned efforts have fallen short is scarcely surprising. Red himself probably doesn't know.

I think I know. Red and I are brothers, and brothers have a way of looking each other over pretty carefully. So it was with us—and so it still is, for that matter. Perhaps we have been more than ordinarily critical because we are separated in age by only a year and throughout much of our lifetime we have been close companions.

The most popular conclusion of those who would analyze Red Smith is also the most superficial—that his vast and varied audience is due to the wide

range of subjects upon which he writes.

Somehow, one doubts that Hemingway, whose own range is considerable, would be fascinated simply by a subject. It is hard to believe that Van Doren, the noted poet, would read and enjoy the words of a man who had nothing more on the ball than a change of pace. And consider Crosby, who reads a Smith column in Paris, then buys a postcard and writes a note of appreciation to Red Smith for having written so well about something—anything. These are men whose admiration is not easy to capture.

Which of them cares about the theme, be it trout fishing in Chile, horse-racing on the ice at Helsinki, a bull fight in Mexico City, a football game in New Haven, or a golf match in Japan?

None, of course. Nor did the professor at Hotchkiss School who once dashed into his English class waving a Red Smith column and shouting to his students, "Gentlemen, *This is English!*" give a pint-sized hoot about the subject of the piece. He would have been one to echo the tribute of the late Rev. Alfred Barrett, S.J., painter, poet, and dean of Fordham University's School of Communication Arts, who said:

"It is a daily adventure to read Red

Smith. You neither know nor care what he will have to say, but you are certain to be delighted with how he says it."

One of Red's several biographers, reflecting on an interview with the columnist, confessed that the "Red Smith Secret" had eluded him.

"In conversation," he said, "he is so simple and direct and uncomplicated that he seems no different than a thousand other guys you know. Then, after reading one of his columns, you find yourself wondering why it is given to just one man to write like that."

The truth is, of course, that it is "given" to no man to write uncommonly well. To be sure, there is no acceptable substitute for talent, which undeniably is a gift, but talent is a perishable commodity which withers without tender care. It must be nurtured by ceaseless study, by practice, by long and arduous experience, by cruel self-discipline, and by the self-acquired ability to observe skillfully and to translate honestly and in good taste. With these prerequisites there must be no compromise—ever. It is because such compromise is common that there are few Red Smiths.

Now, just in case there is a tendency

at this point to suspect that this appraisal may be prejudiced, let the reader bear in mind this stern truth: no man who has not earned it the hard way ever receives the scantiest praise from his brother. In this piece, Red Smith will come off no better than he blinkin' well deserves.

The trouble is, however, that he deserves quite a lot. The guy is good, has been good for many years, and, God willing, will continue to be good for a healthy number of years to come.

Much of life has been good to Red Smith, but no part of it more so than his years in Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he was born in 1905 to Walter Philip Smith, a strapping, wholesale-produce merchant, and Ida Richardson Smith, a diminutive, high-spirited native of New York's East Side.

From his mother came Red's way with words, for she was a lady of phrases who might easily have been a poet had she not been preoccupied with her boys. From her, too, came his love of books and the filing-cabinet memory which serves him so well today. They adored each other, these two, right up to her death two years ago.

But it was his father, now eighty-one and living in Avon Park, Florida, who gave the redhead his wry sense of the ridiculous and who, however unwittingly, fashioned his son's somewhat irreverent approach to clayfooted heroes.

When, for example, the whole world worshipped blindly at the tarnished shrine of John L. Sullivan, Walter Smith was most fascinated by the girth of the great man's neck and the bleariness of his eyes.

"He could slip his collar over his head without unbuttoning it," he recalled in Red's hearing, "and his eyes were just a couple of boiled onions."

Long, long afterward Red would write:

"The challenger rolled over on his back and stared up at the champion. His eyes were two boiled onions."

It is this twist away from the routine, this ability to store up phrases against the day, however distant, when they best will serve him, which combines with his deft sense of humor to delight the Red Smith fans. And if it is true, as has been said, that he is one of America's great present-day humorists, then credit his dad with an assist.

So these—among others—were the gifts of his parents. And his home town also made its contribution. Green Bay was, and probably still is, a great place to be a boy. Although a comparatively small city—in those days its population figures hovered around 35,000—it has everything.

It stands at the gateway to the storied

woods of northern Wisconsin, at the tip of the 110-mile finger of Lake Michigan also called Green Bay. And in those woods live all things to delight a young heart. The partridge drums in the thickets, the deer minces to the streams at twilight and browses the swamps at dawn, the fox ranges the ridges and barks at the moon, the black bear shambles along old logging trails, and the loon laughs from the woodland lakes.

There are trout streams to fish, hills for skiing, lakes and ponds for skating and swimming, the great bay for sailing, and its rice-proud shores for duck hunting. What boy—never mind his temperament or the color of his hair—could grow up in such a country and deny an abiding love of sports?

There is a difference between the all-embracing term "sports" and "athletics." When Red tells interviewers that he had not even a speaking acquaintance with the latter, he speaks the truth. This probably can be charged against his extreme near-sightedness—he has worn glasses since childhood. But the handicap was to become a blessing in a way, for the time games might have taken was spent with books, the inherited love of which lives in him still. The rest of his leisure was spent in the woods and on the trout streams. Poor vision did not prevent him from becoming rather expert with a fly rod. So while it is true that the redhead never was an athlete—except for a fleeting, somewhat grudging brush with track in college—it is misleading to say he grew up ignorant of sports.

Through all these years, Red suffered from a malady which no doctor could cure. He was indescribably shy. In Woelz grammar school days and at East Green Bay High School, he was popular and at home with boys but girls scared him to death.

Although this acute diffidence dissolved somewhat at Notre Dame—he

was graduated in 1927—it was still with him in a measure when he took his first newspaper job as a reporter on the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. In the office, everything was fine, but when an assignment entailed an interview, especially with a woman, he fell once more into the cold clutch of the old fear.

Red set no worlds afire in Milwaukee, but he did not tarry there long. With Jack Copeland, a nomadic spirit of the newspaper trails, he moved on to the *St. Louis Star*, shortly to become the *St. Louis Star-Times*, only to be absorbed by its afternoon competitor, the *Post-Dispatch*. The *Star's* managing editor, Frank W. Taylor Jr., renowned among journalistic executives for an incredible frugality where salaries were concerned, also was a native of Green Bay. He thrust Red into sports and thus the die was cast.

Biographers generally have skipped quickly over Red's St. Louis days, yet they probably were among his happiest. For it was in St. Louis that he suddenly shed the last vestiges of his shyness and almost at once seemed to take on a new identity.

It was in St. Louis also that the most important thing of his life happened. He met Catherine Cody, struggled not at all to escape, and in the end was married by her. One means literally that Kay married Red. Never before having had a girl, the poor dope never thought he had a chance with the charming young woman from Webster Grove College.

With his marriage, The Redman (as sports historian Tom Meany frequently calls him) acquired what probably was the only ingredient he lacked: ambition. Up to this time it is doubtful if he had set his sights especially high. He was the most popular sports writer in St. Louis (not really the best, for he was still developing, but nevertheless the most popular); he liked the town and he had made many friends.

The Smiths:
son Terry, a student
at Notre Dame;
"Red" Smith, a man
who writes; Kit,
now married; and
Mrs. Smith



But things were different now. Kay took over, and pretty soon not only St. Louisans knew Red Smith was good. He knew it, too; he learned it from Kay. In St. Louis, their daughter Kit—now twenty-five, married to a Green Bay boy, and a mother—was born. In 1936 they escaped from the *Star-Times* to the *Philadelphia Record*. Their son Terry, now a Notre Dame junior, arrived in 1938. Seven years later, the great sports editor Stanley Woodward beckoned, and they moved to New York.

Popularity in the Big Town came almost overnight, for the *Herald Tribune* sport pages were far and away the best in the country and Woodward, for the most part, turned over his own by-lined space to Red. But his success was not without great effort on his part. Red was—and is—what writers call a bleeder. For endless hours he crouches over his typewriter, cooking countless cigarettes, howling at himself because the precise phrase for a given thought eludes him. Yet he will never settle for second best. Perhaps that is why Hemingway loves him.

No doubt his readers, by and large, picture him as a mild-mannered man who refuses to approach his daily subjects with more than mock seriousness. Certainly, his writings would support such a conclusion. But, as in his youth, he can become aroused when he spots what he considers an injustice. One recalls that, at the age of twelve, he took on three neighborhood kids, because they were picking on a pal, and still was on his feet when somebody stopped the battle.

"Do not try to take away anybody's rights in front of this guy," one of his colleagues, W. C. Heinz, has warned. "He will tear you to pieces."

Once, Heinz recalled, sports writers in New York and elsewhere were having a field day with tough, gutter-reared Rocky Graziano, berating this then-inarticulate middleweight for going AWOL from a wartime Army encampment. For a while Red held his peace, but, as the others stepped up the pace to what he considered outright persecution, he loosed a scornful blast at his colleagues. In effect, he wrote:

"So all right, he did go over the hill and it was a bad thing to do. But he also spent nine months in Leavenworth paying off the score the hard way. Now, in all fairness, leave the guy be."

And when the same Graziano, whose championship battles with Tony Zale were bloody monuments to honesty and raw courage, was accused of having failed to report a proffered bribe to throw a fight, Red roared with indigna-

tion. Even today, he sizzles at the mere mention of the New York District Attorney's headline-grabbing.

"Had there been a shred of proof that the alleged bribe had been seriously offered or that Graziano for an instant had considered accepting money to take a dive, I would have given every encouragement to those who apparently wanted to drive him out of boxing," he will bellow. "But to my mind, the whole business was a calculated campaign by sanctimonious politicians to enhance their reputations for righteousness by throwing the Rock to the wolves. They only succeeded in proving that they themselves were the real grafters, for they accepted the accruing publicity—far more important to their breed than cash."

Ordinarily inclined to ignore personal attacks—and there have been a few—Red blew clean out of his customary third-person writing style when Happy Chandler intimated that he was taking money for participating in the drive to dethrone the ludicrous Kentuckian as Baseball Commissioner.

"If," he wrote scathingly, "I can get paid for thinking Chandler has performed like a clown and a mountebank, then I want all that kind of money I can get. Ordinarily, I have to work for mine."

Nor does he always need a typewriter to demolish an antagonist with a phrase. Once, outside Leone's Restaurant in New York, a lush tried to bait him into defending Jackie Robinson as a base runner, a department in which the Brooklyn second-sacker was pre-eminent. But this bore was going to play it cute; he would not mention Robinson by name but would force Red to do so.

"I say the Dodgers will stink this year," he proclaimed. "Who have they got to run the bases?"

"Well," Red replied, turning away, "I'll admit they haven't got anybody who can steal first."

Yet, the man can be gentle and even sentimental, though he fights against the latter because he has inclined toward it since childhood. In the Autumn of 1952, he stood in Philadelphia's deserted Municipal Stadium after the destruction of Joseph J. Walcott by young Rocky Marciano and mused thus on "all that is left of the old heavyweight champion of the world."

"There on the beaten grass were a swab-stick, the soiled core of a roll of gauze, and the top of a Vaseline jar. If it had been a still life painting entitled *End of the Road*, it would have taken first prize in any exhibit."

However, Red's native honesty—which none denies him—would let him shed no tears for Jersey Joe when the

old Pappy Guy quit on the seat of his pants after two minutes and twenty-five seconds of his return match with Marciano. Of that "fight" he contemptuously wrote:

"J. J. Walcott, the odd old gentleman from Jersey who has mocked the calendar for something like forty years, made a mockery of the heavyweight championship of the world tonight. . . . He also made a hooting, disgusted, short-changed gathering in Chicago Stadium understand why there has been so much confusion about his age. He can't count his years; he can't even count to ten."

From followers everywhere come letters to the *Herald Tribune* and the Smith home in Connecticut. A nine-year-old boy in Florence, Wisconsin, (emboldened, no doubt, by the knowledge that Red is a former Badger) writes to ask how to become a sports writer and to beg a plug for his local football team, the Bobcats. A lady in Rhode Island, having watched Red and Kay on Ed Murrow's *Person to Person*, drops a line to say that she reads his column regularly and never misses his articles in *THE SIGN*. A Texas rancher pens an unsolicited but appreciated definition of the term "quarter-horse." A trout fisherman, whom Red identifies only as Sparse Gray Hackle, writes frequent and amusing epistles on stream-lashing, many of which have appeared in Smith columns.

Strangely, sports figures themselves seldom write. Once, long ago, Ernie Orsatti, a crack St. Louis Cardinals outfielder, dropped a note of thanks for a kind word about his play. Occasionally, a jockey or a horse trainer will be moved to write. But mostly athletes seem to feel that it is their job to perform and a sports writer's task to do the writing.

All mail, save that from cranks, Red answers personally, a practice recommended to all writers. A guy never gets hurt by being nice.

Remembering that, in his boyhood, he would go to fantastic lengths to avoid chores of any nature (he would even let me be dragged out of a ball game to run an errand so he wouldn't have to put down his book), one watches The Redman of today with awe.

That this guy who slaves like a coolie at his job, chats easily on television, spellbinds audiences at sports dinners, and whangs his fist on the bar in Toots Shor's New York saloon as he argues athletics with the nation's experts actually is a late edition of the quiet, painfully bashful kid brother of the Green Bay days is tough to accept.

Indeed, the metamorphosis is almost frightening.

James Cagney is a professor by day and an IRA leader by night in "Shake Hands with the Devil," tale of Black and Tan days in Ireland



STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

The first production to come from Ireland's Ardmore Studios near Dublin, **SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL** is a blistering, high-voltage account of the Black and Tan days. Based on a Rearden Conner novel, the film offers challenging thoughts and equally forthright portrayals of those involved in the bitter fight for Irish freedom. One such dynamic portrait is offered by James Cagney, cast as a professor at the Royal College of Surgeons and an IRA leader at night. His dedication to the cause of complete freedom makes him unable to accept the treaty which brings peace and a place in the British Commonwealth to his land. Don Murray, a young Irish-American student caught up in the struggle; Dana Wynter, an English girl held hostage by the IRA; Glynis Johns, an Irish girl who consorts with the rebels, and a large cast of able players make this vigorous vignette absorbing. The technical features measure up to the international competition in this engrossing, adult drama. (United Artists)

IT HAPPENED TO JANE is an amusing, warmhearted comedy sparked by a bright cast and sufficient humor to make it appealing for the family audience. Doris Day appears as a young widow who battles a railroad corporation in order to save her live-lobster business from bankruptcy.

When a shipment of her Maine crustaceans is spoiled through negligence, she sues the company and wins. The corporation appeals and the pert widow attaches the local assets, a train aptly called Old 97. She then sets out to deliver her lobsters in person, with hilarious results. Jack Lemmon, Steve Forrest, and Ernie Kovacs, plus a passel of TV stars, help Doris get those lobsters to town in this merry comedy of errors. (Columbia)

The desolation which would result from a nuclear war has been vividly set up in **THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL**, a three-character film which scores brilliantly on technical points though its story is both confused and inconclusive. Harry Belafonte, who had escaped death when the bombs fell because he was in a coal mine, reaches a deserted New York City. The eerie scenes of a dead metropolis are magnificently presented, providing some memorable sequences. In time a girl, Inger Stevens, and then a man, Mel Ferrer, arrive and the three start to work out a new destiny. Novel and provocative in its handling of the fantastic situation and its problems, this has been designed for the discriminating audience. (M-G-M)

THE SAD HORSE is based on a perennially popular theme, the devotion of a boy and his dog. This version benefits from an intelligent portrayal of the youngster by David

Ladd, who repeats the success he scored in *The Proud Rebel*. He is cast as a ten-year-old vacationing on his grandfather's ranch. The simple plot revolves around an effort to take the boy's dog away from him, so that it may serve as a companion for an ailing race horse. Some expertly staged suspense scenes and fine color photography bolster the slim script. This is a thrice-told-tale, but it should find favor with the youngsters. (20th Century-Fox)

H. T. Kavanagh's stories of life with the leprechauns have been blended into an entertaining and whimsical full-length feature entitled **DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE**. Though filmed in Hollywood, the picture manages to create the misty moods and rollicking fun of a town called Rathcullen where Darby is caretaker of the manor house. A chance encounter with King Brian, ruler of the little people, gives Darby more excitement than he had ever dreamed up during his years as the village storyteller. Albert Sharpe, Janet Munro, Kieron Moore, Jimmy O'Dea, and Estelle Winwood are effective as the villagers in this jovial and amusing fantasy. Enjoyable though it is, one can only wish that a leprechaun or two had been signed to sprinkle a few more fey lines. (Buena Vista)

Gregory Peck has a demanding assignment in **PORK CHOP HILL** and carries it off with considerable conviction. A story of the Korean War, documentary in style and realistic in presentation, this poses the question of wartime ethics. During the final hours of the conflict, as the negotiators were reaching agreement, GIs were dying in a campaign to capture Pork Chop Hill from the Communist hordes of China and North Korea. The issue is not one to be solved in a motion picture, but this grim study does succeed in placing the problem in focus. In addition to Peck, there are splendid performances by Harry Guardino, James Edwards, and George Peppard. (United Artists)

THE NAKED MAJA is a heavy-handed, ludicrous, and sprawling distortion in which the career of Francisco Goya is staged with minuscule resemblance to fact. Seldom has so much effort been dissipated as in this lavish, but dull, glimpse into the flamboyant Spanish Empire circa 1875. Any resemblance to the man Goya or the era in which he lived is purely accidental. It would seem that writers and director gambled on fiction rather than research. They have spawned a brawling, incredible tableau replete with the usual errors regarding the Inquisition and further burdened by some unbelievably bad acting. Ava Gardner, Anthony Franciosa, and a cast of European players are involved in this extravagant cartoon. (United Artists)

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS is an amusing, visually interesting, adult comedy based on a Nancy Mitford novel. Photographed in Paris and London, the backdrops provide strong competition to the light humors of the story, an account of a marriage between a French Air Force Captain and a reserved English woman. Deborah Kerr and Rossano Brazzi are the international romancers. Maurice Chevalier, as Brazzi's worldly-wise uncle, and young Martin Stephens, their precocious son, contribute to the rather sophisticated air of this fable. (M-G-M)

THIS EARTH IS MINE utilizes the vineyard empire of California's Napa Valley as background for a colorful adaptation of Alice Tisdale Hobart's novel, *The Cup and the Sword*. While the lengthy story is occasionally diffuse and some characters sketchily drawn, this dramatization has many intriguing passages and people. Although the romantics, played by Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons,

draw the major portion of the footage, the characterizations of Claude Rains, as a vineyardist, and Dorothy McGuire, as his flinty daughter, are outstanding. Adults should find this enjoyable, if only in scanning the interesting Napa horizons. (Universal-International)

The New Plays

Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn provide themselves with a dual *tour de force* in **TRIPLE PLAY**, a grouping of four short dramas. Sean O'Casey contributes *A Pound on Demand* and *Bedtime Story*; Tennessee Williams is represented by an earlier piece, *Portrait of a Madonna*; and Anton Chekov's *On the Harmful Effects of Tobacco* serves as an interlude monolog. In less gifted hands than those of the stars and their supporting company, this might have been a wasted evening but they manage a maximum of laughter from O'Casey, overcome what is a dull horror by Williams, and, in the case of Cronyn, bring the Chekov bit into sharp focus. Biff McGuire, Margot Stevenson, and George Mathews are of considerable help in a difficult chore. The humors of O'Casey often skirt good taste, but the production does keep them in check.

Hal Holbrook accomplishes what so many attempt and fail in **MARK TWAIN PRESENTS**, a one-man show in which the thirty-four-year-old actor gives the audience two hours of anecdote and humor from the works of the unforgettable Twain. Transformed into a seventy-year-old by a make-up which takes three hours to apply, Holbrook holds the audience enchanted with a series of stories, excerpts, and speeches from the literary treasure provided by the great humorist. Holbrook, using the few props he permits himself, creates a session of sheer magic with his voice, his mannerisms, and his stage presence. For his twinkling words and delightful stories, the credit goes to Twain. Together they make a fascinating and brilliant team.

Thornton Wilder's cherished **OUR TOWN** is currently receiving a most impressive revival in arena style presentation at the off-Broadway showcase, Circle in the Square. Staged by Jose Quintero, who is rapidly becoming one of the theater's most valuable directors, the poignant study of life, love, and death in a New England town is once again arousing the compassion and the admiration of playgoers. Although this Wilder piece is not ideally suited to the arena stage, it is impossible to detract from this sentimental journey. John Beal, Jane McArthur, and Clinton Kimbrough are perceptive performers and their contributions here are quietly effective.

KATAKI is a powerful and exciting theme in which humor, pathos, fine acting, and dramatic suspense blend into an electric, remorseless study. Featuring two players, a Yankee flier who has parachuted to deserted Pacific Island during World War II and a middle-aged Japanese soldier who is hiding there, the play could be boring and dull. That it is not is a tribute to the work of Sessue Hayakawa and Ben Piazza as the enemies, who surmount the language barrier to achieve a tenuous brotherhood. It would seem that author Simon Wincelberg gives the American a bit the worst of it when the cards are down, for he is drawn as a shallow and wearying young man without depth of mature evaluation. Withal the lengthy monologues and a debatable point of view, this is an absorbing theater experience.

An impressive new writing talent has been uncovered with the emergence of Lorraine Hansberry, whose play **A RAISIN IN THE SUN** has already earned just reward from the

Doris Day and Jack Lemmon in a scene from "It Happened to Jane," lighthearted comedy concerning a young businesswoman's feud with a railroad corporation



Below: At the command of Brian, King of the Leprechauns, Darby O'Gill (Albert Sharpe) plays a lively Irish tune in "Darby O'Gill and the Little People"

Below, right: Sidney Poitier and Claudia McNeill give outstanding performances in "A Raisin in the Sun"



critics, the playgoers, and the accolade bestowers. This is a play about a Negro family, written by a young Negro girl and acted with emotional impact by an all-Negro cast.

It is by no means a propaganda piece, nor is it a political tract, merely an honest and impressive account of one family's troubles, its skirmish with the racial bigots, and the eventual resolution in which pride and spirit do triumph. Only a writer of unusual skill and personal discipline could have penned such a play. That a newcomer has succeeded makes the occasion doubly rewarding.

Claudia McNeil, as the simple, dignified, and determined matriarch of a Chicago family, presents a portrait that is bound to be numbered among the decade's best. Sidney Poitier, in the role of her cynical, ambitious son, is equally fine and there are excellent lesser performances by Ruby Dee, Diana Sands, Ivan Dixon, and Louis Gossett. The result of their collaboration with the author is remarkable.

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGN POST

Confessional Problems

a) If a person confesses a sin of impurity not declared in a previous confession and receives Communion, is the Communion sacrilegious? b) If a person has been out of the Church for thirty years and makes a general confession by stating that he has broken every Commandment and committed every sin in the book, would that be a good confession, or must his sins be pinpointed?—C. C., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



a) The extent of actual guilt depended upon the extent of his realization as to how inadequate his confession really was. According to your full statement of the case, he first of all received Holy Communion, after a grave sin of impurity, without recourse to the Sacrament of Penance. That Communion was sacrilegious. When he did go to confession, he declared his sin of impurity but made no mention of the unworthy Communion and then proceeded to receive again. If he realized the wrongness of what he was doing, then his Confession was sacrilegious as well as the Communion that followed.

b) No confessor would accept so vague a declaration of guilt. All grave sins must be specified, according to kind, the degree of guilt—more or less according to circumstances—and the number of times.

"Middle of the Road"

Should I stand up for my rights, or give in, to avoid bad feelings?—L. S., UPLAND, CALIF.

From your letter, we gather that you are confused as to the meaning of certain words and are thus misled in your own thinking. There is a happy or virtuous mean between the extremes of aggressiveness and passivity. If there has been a breach in seniority rights, in connection with your job, you have a right to assert yourself. If bad feelings ensue, you will not be the cause, but merely the occasion. The bad feelings will be caused by the greed of others who covet their neighbors' goods. Furthermore, because of your own financial needs and those of your family, you have not only a right to assert yourself—you have an obligation. Under the circumstances, you are not the aggressor. Slave-like passivity does not become the dignity of a human person. Despite the virtuous mildness and patience exemplified by Christ. He became militant over the abuses in the Temple and ousted the wrongdoers.

Why Not?

According to enclosed UPI report, Pope John XXIII sent his blessing to Mussolini's widow for the repose of his soul. Some of us are a bit shocked.—K. R., SPRING LAKE, N. J.

According to the UPI report, the widow asked for a blessing and prayers on the thirtieth anniversary of the signing of the

Lateran Treaty. No doubt the blessing was requested for the widow, the prayers for Benito's soul. Why not? *Il Duce* deserved much credit for his part in settling the Italian-Vatican problems during the reign of Pius XI. Despite his tragic death, Mussolini's eternal future is known only to God. The Vicar of Christ would not presume to judge his merits or demerits before God. Why not add a prayer of your own?

"Big Name Catholics"

In the service, I am called upon to defend the marriage of "Big Name Catholics" to persons who have been divorced. Non-Catholic friends are of the opinion that anyone with the money can buy his or her way, despite divorce. What's what in the Lollobrigida case?—J. J. A., APO 497/New YORK, N. Y.

You are to be commended for coming to grips with such problems by the simple process of getting at the facts. More often than not, you can rely on the secular press to garble religious news—Catholic news especially. Coupled with sloppy reporting is the preconceived opinion of many non-Catholics that the Church is prone to skulduggery in general and simony in particular. Annually, the Holy See publishes a list of the total number of marriage cases handled by the highest court of the Church—the Roman Rota. Invariably, of the declarations of nullity granted, there is an impressive percentage of cases handled gratis.

To every "Big Name Catholic" who is allowed by the Church to remarry after divorce or to marry a divorced person, there are ten who are unheard of by the public at large. Invariably, the reason is the same—the previous marriage was invalid in the eyes of the Church. Hence, the freedom for a valid marriage or so-called remarriage. The majority of such cases are settled within the diocese, without need for recourse to Rome. With a proper dispensation to marry a non-Christian, Lollobrigida could marry him because his previous marriage was invalid.

Latitude: Longitude

What does the Church teach as to the location of heaven?—I. M., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

For reliable information as to the location of a supernatural heaven, we would have to depend upon Divine Revelation. The supernatural is beyond the ken of science. From Revelation, we know that, after death, human souls are consigned to hell or purgatory or heaven. Souls detained in purgatory eventually attain heaven. All three are places as well as states or conditions of happiness or unhappiness. We have more than enough information as to the everlasting, unlosable happiness of heaven to serve as an inducement to merit that place and state. As to the miseries of hell, we have ample information to deter us from incurring that sanction. However, we do not know the location of hell or of purgatory or of heaven. All three are places, for although the angels are sheer spirits and human souls are spirits, they are finite and are not everywhere. After the resurrection, our bodies will occupy definite spaces in the

place called heaven. Right now, the glorified bodies of Christ and His Mother are in a place—as well as in a state of beatitude.

As for enclosed clipping, it is correct in stating that the Church does teach that heaven is a geographical place. But everything else in the column should be classified under "maybe" or "maybe not." Heaven is and has to be a place, but that fact is not "corroborated by science" because of a Harvard professor's estimate that there may be 100 quintillion stars in the universe. The writer's advice is based on nothing other than futile speculation: "The next time you lose a loved one by death, try to visualize that person as simply having made a one-way trip to a distant planet in some other star's orbit." So, too, his attempt to answer the question: "What medium of travel does it (the soul) use to get there?" As St. Hilary rather pertly observed, it behooves us to be less concerned about the latitude and longitude of heaven, and more concerned as to our title to that treasure.

Atheist In Heaven?

By a fellow graduate of a Catholic college, I have been challenged in making the statement that everyone who follows his conscience honestly will go to heaven. He maintained that according to my stand, honest atheists would be included.—J. M., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.



We assume you are familiar with the formulation of Catholic teaching that outside the Church there is no salvation. However, to be understood in a precise and balanced way, that formula needs clarification. It can be well clarified by two statements: a) whoever remains outside the body of the Church until the end of his life and does so *culpably* cannot be saved; whoever remains outside the body of the Church *inculpably* can be saved. We stated "until the end of his life," because we are on probation until then. To reconcile any apparent discrepancy between the original statement—"outside the Church there is no salvation"—and the statement—"whoever remains outside the Church inculpably can be saved"—we have to add a proviso. Salvation is possible, provided he has sought and embraced the truth according to the lights of his mind, provided he has loved God above all else with his whole heart, provided he has served God faithfully with his whole strength, provided he has repented his sins with sentiments of perfect contrition. Even the Almighty would not expect more than that from any intelligent creature—such a man gives to God his relative utmost, such a man belongs to the Church in desire, implicitly.

No wonder, then, that Pope Pius IX, after duly emphasizing the Church as the one "ark of salvation," reminds us that invincible, inculpable ignorance is an excusing cause as regards explicit, ideal membership in the Church. Furthermore, he warns us lest, in view of the multiplicity and variety of the circumstances in which men live out their lives, we arrogate it to ourselves to set limits to that blameless ignorance. Did your friend ever hear of baptism of desire? According to the Council of Trent, it is, indeed, an article of faith that, since the promulgation of the Gospel, baptism of water is necessary for salvation—necessary either *actually or in desire*. A man with the dispositions described above is disposed to do whatever God wills—no matter what the cost—and his perfect contrition and love for God include, even though implicitly, the desire for baptism of water.

As for the imaginary being referred to as an "honest atheist," can there be such an atheist in reality? To say the

least, it is extremely doubtful that there can be such a thing as a convinced atheist. The fool said in his heart: "There is no God." (Psalm 13:1) In other words, in the so-called thinking of the atheist, "the wish is father to the thought." Wishful thinking can be suicidal. The existence of God and our answerability to Him can be proved, either scientifically or in popular style, to any open, honest mind. An honest atheist is a contradiction—no man is that "dumb."

Infant of Prague

What is the story behind Catholic devotion to the Infant of Prague?—M. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.

This popular devotion dates back to the seventeenth century. At that time, the original statue of the Divine Child was presented to a monastery of the Discalced Carmelites by a Spanish princess. The devotion became a favorite with both St. Teresa of Avila and St. Thérèse of Lisieux. The words of the donor seem prophetic in view of the response of the Divine Child to his clients the world over: "As long as you venerate this image, you shall not be in want." A booklet of information and prayers can be obtained by writing to the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.

"Endless Chain"

Should I honor or ignore enclosed letter?—A. H., WYANDOTTE, MICH.

There seems to be no end to chain letters. Ignore it. No religious community is authorized to promise a favor on the fourth day of a novena. Years ago, it was falsely alleged that the same sort of novena originated from a community in Boston—now it is Buenos Aires. Don't forward the letter, within four days, to nine of your friends, and don't expend postage to return the letter to Argentina. By all means, pray to Our Lady of Fatima, but not in the form of this novena. Have the courage to take the letter, which smells of superstition, and burn it.

Martyrs' Relics

Why is it that the saints' relics in an altar stone should include a relic of a martyr? Why the priority?—M. B., SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

A martyr is one who has given his very life to exemplify his Faith, and logically he has an especial claim upon our veneration. In the layout of the Missal or Mass book, and of the Breviary or book of the Divine Office, the feast day of a martyr is ranked immediately after the feasts of Our Lord, Our Lady, the unique St. Joseph, and the Apostles. All the Apostles were martyrs, except St. John whose martyrdom in boiling oil was providentially neutralized so that he might live on as the last of the inspired secretaries of the New Testament.

Tyrone Power

Would it be impossible for the soul of Tyrone Power to go to heaven? Is it useless to have a Mass said for him?—M. O., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

When the Church excommunicates a person for gravely scandalous conduct, she does not presume to anticipate the final, eternal judgment of God. In the internal forum of his soul, Power may have repented during his very last moment of probation. Mass may be offered for him privately, but not publicly.

"All Clear"

A woman ended an intolerable marital situation by divorce. Can she now return to the sacraments, provided she has reliable proof of her husband's death—A. G., NEW MILFORD, N. J.

If she did not attempt remarriage since the divorce, she has deprived herself of the sacraments unnecessarily for thirty years! If there has been an attempted remarriage calling for validation, she should obtain evidence acceptable to both civil and ecclesiastical authorities as to her husband's death.

Baptismal Names

How far can we go in the use of diminutive forms of saints' names at baptism? We would like to give our child a name that will be used always. For example, why baptize him "Thomas" and then call him "Tom" for keeps? —F. S., STIRLING, N. J.



Names, like so many other words of a language, undergo quite an evolution in the course of time. In the case of some names, such as Mary, a dozen or more variations have come to be accepted as formally correct. Any recognized variation of a name is acceptable on a formal occasion, such as baptism, and for a formal document, such as a birth, marriage, or death certificate, application for a passport, and the like. However, "Tom" for "Thomas" and "Jack" for "John" are considered nicknames. There are two kinds of nicknames. The first is a name either added to or substituted for the proper name of a person, either by way of ridicule, familiarity, popularity, or the like. The second is a familiar form of a proper name, such as "Jim" for "James." So, on an occasion so solemn as that of your child's baptism, you will have to keep to the formality of a proper name.

Sincerity: Idolatry

- a) *A Protestant girl has been keeping company for eight years with a married man about to be divorced. If she became a Catholic, could she marry him within the Church?*
b) *Doesn't it seem idolatrous to kiss the crucifix during the "adoration of the cross" on Good Friday?—L. C., PRESCOTT, ARIZ.*

a) Obviously, her keeping company with a married man was scandalous to herself, to him, and to others. As to whether or not his marriage was invalid in the eyes of the Church, we cannot say. If not, there is no freedom to marry. To establish the validity or invalidity of the marriage, the case would have to be referred to the parish priest of her neighborhood or to the matrimonial court at the Bishop's office. We are less interested in the prospects for a remarriage than in the fact that this girl is convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true religion and yet postpones her conversion—pending the prospects for marriage to a probably married man. If sincere, she should act upon her convictions as to the Church, regardless of marriage prospects.

b) There is no conflict whatever between the First Commandment and the veneration we accord to the crucifix. The expression "adoration of the cross" is often used but is misleading. It is not a case of adoration in the strict sense of the term but in only a very wide sense—meaning veneration. Nor do we venerate a cross—a cross to which is attached an image of Christ Crucified is a crucifix. The sole reason we venerate the crucifix is because it images

Christ, whom we adore. You might object to kissing the crucifix on Good Friday for sanitary reasons but not because of any implication of idolatry.

We do not think your questions are ridiculous. Rather, we understand that they represent matters of considerable concern to you. For that very reason, you and your friends should reverse your present attitude of "never attempting to go to a priest for information." "For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth." (Mal. 2:7)

Burial Information

Where can I get complete, reliable information on details concerning cemetery lots and burials in the case of a mixed marriage?—J. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Consult your parish priest or the bishop's Office of the Cemetery, 1710 Summer St., Pittsburgh 3, Pa.

"Objection Overruled"

We so object to your uncharitable advice (The Sign Post, October, 1958) that we have decided not to renew our subscription. You recommended a boycott of a married couple—a non-Catholic and a divorced Catholic. "There is no good reason for inviting them to your home as guests." —L. L., CROWN POINT, IND.

In turn, you have decided to boycott THE SIGN. For your sake as well as ours, we regret your decision—but not our October recommendation. What you heard during your parish mission is, indeed, reliable. Charity should characterize the Catholic way of life, as it did the mortal career of Christ. As you say, Christ was disposed, habitually and divinely, to forgive—that is, to forgive the repentant. On occasion, He could be sharp in voicing a rebuke. For example, He said to Peter: "Go behind Me, Satan, thou art a scandal unto Me, because thou savorest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men." (Matt. 16:23) The moneychangers He ousted from the temple, overturning their tables and chairs, indicting them as thieves. (Matt. 21:12, 13) At least a dozen times, he upbraided the pharisees for hypocrisy—public denunciations which must have embarrassed them no end. Not to have rebuked Peter betimes, not to have exposed the moneychangers and the pharisees would not have been balanced, Christ-like charity.

A Catholic who remarries after divorce is excommunicated by the Church. That censure is severe, but it is a sanction incurred by grave and very scandalous wrongdoing. Do you consider the Church uncharitable? Unfortunately, some people are as "thick-skinned" spiritually as they are sensitive socially. Excommunication by the Church makes but little impression. Not so, however, a social boycott by relatives and friends. In not a few cases, to be ostracized socially is the worst possible censure. To say the least, charity does not dictate that we act as though nothing had happened. Marriage and, even more so, attempted remarriage outside the Church is not something to be "winked at."

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor. Since letters cannot be answered privately, please don't enclose postage.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE EVOLUTION OF A CONSERVATIVE

By William H. Chamberlin. 295 pages.
Regnery. \$1.50

This is the story of a man's conversion from sympathy with the Communist experiment in Russia to a full-blown, and emotional rather than intellectual, conservatism. William Henry Chamberlin is best



W. H. Chamberlin

known as a foreign correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* who wrote an excellent history of the Russian Revolution and gradually underwent disillusionment with the Bolshevik experiment. An honest, competent observer, Chamberlin soon realized that human freedom meant nothing to the power-hungry Bolshevik leaders. His main concern, he tells the reader, was to find a way of life that respected liberty. He examined moderate Socialism, Liberalism, and Fascism, and found them all wanting.

At last he found in conservatism "the shield of liberty," as expressed in the writings of Edmund Burke, John Adams, *The Federalist*, Calhoun, and Tocqueville. Chamberlin belongs to the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century, as he admits throughout this study. "I am convinced," he writes, "that the nineteenth century . . . was the golden Age of Western civilization." This is a typical conservative observation about an age that socialists, humanitarians, Catholic social thinkers, and encyclicals condemn for creating the "labor problem" and for treating the worker with gross injustice.

There is much to be said for Chamberlin's advocacy of conservatism. It is excellent in its criticism of Marxism and of government paternalism, in its insistence that society cannot be remade by arbitrary planning but must change organically, much as a person grows, rather than changing radically overnight. But there is also much to be criticized in Chamberlin's typical conservative attitude. For example, he dismisses without adequate analysis what liberals refer to as "witch hunts" as only "occasional errors and excesses" of Congressional committees, and he explains away the lack of culture of

typical American businessmen (the Babbitts) as "harmless good fellowship." Objective examination should not dismiss conservative shortcomings as inconsequential, or consider liberal and socialist shortcomings basic, without serious examination and analysis.

This reviewer believes that there is an intelligent and balanced conservatism, as there is an intelligent and balanced liberalism in this country—as there are extreme, emotional varieties of both. Unfortunately, Chamberlin falls in with those conservatives who are racialistic, who condemn the Supreme Court for "legislating" on the racial problem, and who disagree fundamentally with the stand taken by the bishops in their statement on this problem in 1958. He condemns the progressive income tax in favor of "soak the poor" taxes, and he believes that there

has been too much favoring of the indolent at the expense of thrifty, hard-working people—all highly reminiscent of the nineteenth-century classical liberalism which provoked the Communism and the welfare liberalism which Chamberlin condemns.

One can only conclude that unfortunately Chamberlin's odyssey to conservatism was not a more judicious path—a path which would have allowed him to distinguish those good elements of conservatism from those which conscience and sound social thought have long since condemned.

THOMAS P. NEILL.

THE IMAGE INDUSTRIES

By William Lynch, S.J. 159 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

A penetrating and thoughtful analysis of the motion picture and television industries, this probe of the mass media has a very special appeal for the artist, the critic, and the theologian. Even more important is its value and message for those of authority in the councils of Madison Avenue and Sunset Boulevard.



William Lynch

Father Lynch's appraisal of a serious national problem is based on the premise that the state of movies and TV is of "essential importance to the life of this nation, and that it involves not only its personal but its final political good." The cultural level of movies and TV is often appalling.

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THE BRIDE

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DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

The author of *Time Without Number* (Lamont Poetry Selection for 1957) here provides a brilliant and deeply moving explanation of the Church as the Bride of Jesus Christ. Set in the history of salvation and written with poetic intensity, the work appears to Father Killian McDonnell, O.S.B. "to be a prose poem in much the same sense that Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* is a philosophical poem and DeLubac's *The Splendor of the Church* is a theological poem. **THE BRIDE,**" writes Father McDonnell, "will be one of the books of the year." **\$3.50**



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A critical appraisal of the challenges which American Catholics meet in contemporary society, this volume gives special attention to the religious-secular encounter of our times. Discussing the relationship of theology and technology and the problem of effective communication between Church and Institution, Father Ong emphasizes throughout the need for a continuing dialogue between members of all faiths.

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expense of artistic integrity; the disappearance of genuine humor and its replacement by the crudities of the night-club comic; the relations of the artist and the theologian, and the position of the Catholic Church, points up the tremendous need for positive thinking and equally positive action.

Father Lynch views with alarm the current inactivity which hangs like a smog blanket over the national spirit. His solution is for a "theology of creativity" to be accomplished by the united efforts of those who would make themselves competent in the worlds of theology and art. It is a goal both worthwhile and urgent.

JERRY COTTER.

PARENTS' ROLE IN VOCATIONS

By Godfrey Poage, C. P. & John P. Treacy, Ph.D. 132 pages. **\$2.95**
Bruce.

One of the most critical problems of the Catholic Church today is that of recruiting sufficient personnel for the priesthood and the religious life. As noted in this book, the net increase in both diocesan and regular clergy for 1958 in this country was only 336, while our Catholic population increased 1,460,126. With the increasing demand for greatly expanded schools and charitable institutions, there was a net increase of only 1918 Sisters.

The authors of this volume, one a religious priest, the other a lay professor of education, acknowledge that it is not fair to oversimplify the situation and to blame most of the lack of sufficient vocations on any one cause. They point out with some statistical evidence, however, that a substantial problem exists in *parental opposition*, "ranging all the way from simple ridicule to physical violence." This being the case, even in many good Catholic families, it is obvious, on the assumption that the priestly and the religious life are good and reasonable careers, that many parents are in need of information which will enable them to take a more reconciled, generous, and positive view on the subject.

What is the most effective approach to this task is a question to which the authors of this excellent book must have given considerable thought. Their approach is basic: the premise that one cannot separate the parents' role in vocations from their general guidance in happy and successful Christian living. The book thus develops into the parents' role in creating a Catholic home and in practical child guidance, rather than in an exposition of the religious life which will enable hostile or hesitant parents to take a more sympathetic view of religious vocations.

From the standpoint of forming Christian personality and developing a capacity for life, whatever one's vocation may be, this is an excellent guide for parents to follow. The problems of understanding religious vocations is left for two short chapters, which somehow fail to impress this reader as possessing the breadth and focus necessary to achieve the specific objective of convincing hesitant or hostile parents that they should be happy, honored, proud, and eager to have their sons and daughters heed the call to a consecrated service of God.

MONSIGNOR JAMES A. MAGNER.

WOMEN AND WORK IN AMERICA

By Robert W. Smuts. 180 pages. **\$4.50**
Columbia University.

Books on the role of women have been increasing in recent years. As the title indicates, this one deals with women in the labor force. Mr. Smuts' study grew out of the Columbia University Conservation of Human Resources projects. Its approach is historical. It stresses the facts and causes rather than the far-reaching consequences of changes in women's work.

To the student familiar with the subject, there is not much new information. Its value lies in its over-all presentation, in one volume, of material previously scattered.

The historical treatment leads to a better understanding of the desires of women's organizations for equal pay for equal work and for protective legislation.

There is a good concluding chapter on "Values and Attitudes" toward the employment of women. Some will question the author's conclusion that the fears of many toward the employment of women have long been alleviated. These fears came from the belief that the stability of the family and the well-being of society would be affected. The results of the employment of so many women, particularly of married women with small children, are still of serious concern to many moralists and social scientists.

This book should be helpful to those interested in and responsible for the planning of the proper kind of higher education for women. It is of value also in providing statistical and background information for Catholic Social Actionists, some of whose valued judgments have not always been based on up-to-date empirical data. It is a contribution to the understanding of legislation affecting the woman worker.

There is a fine bibliography, but the author gives no indication of knowledge of Catholic writing on this subject.

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE.

MEMOIRS OF A RENAISSANCE POPE

Ed. by Leona C. Gabel. 381 pages.
Putnam. \$6.00

For many years *The Commentaries of Pius II* existed only in expurgated form and was thought to be the work of a papal secretary. In the late nineteenth century, the Catholic historian Ludwig Pastor unearthed the original manuscript of the *Commentaries* written largely in the Pope's own hand. The present volume is an abridged edition of a five-volume work being published by the Smith College Studies in History, the first English edition based on the original manuscript. It is one of the most important documents of the Renaissance to be published in recent years.

The life of Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who became Pope Pius II in 1458, spanned a tumultuous half-century. Serving as secretary to three popes, an antipope, and an emperor, he was one of the best informed men in Europe on the eve of the Protestant Revolt. His firsthand description of the protracted struggles between the papacy and many of the temporal rulers of Europe provides rich material for the specialist in this period.

The autobiography is equally revealing regarding the personality and character of its author. Though not a mystic nor even a reformer, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini was a man of vital religious faith which came to the fore during a pontificate that ended with a singlehanded attempt to lead a crusade against the Turk.

The editor's presumption, in the introduction, that Aeneas Sylvius lacked qualifications for a religious vocation and only took Holy Orders for ecclesiastical advancement is certainly subject to serious doubt. Fortunately this does not mar an otherwise masterly translation and edition of a vital human document setting forth the history of an era and a close-up portrait of one of its most eloquent spokesmen.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

By Rev. Jerome Dal-Gal. 178 pages.
Benziger. \$3.75

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of the pontificate of Pope Pius X was the activity of his Secretary of State, Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, together with the unquestioning confidence the Pontiff placed in him. It is logical, in view of the canonization of Saint Pius, that a close view should be taken of the spiritual life of the Cardinal upon whom he leaned so

heavily. This book reviews the life of the great diplomat-churchman in terms of his interior life and offers some of the considerations which led to the introduction on May 26, 1953 of the cause of his beatification.

As the author notes, the Cardinal was so burdened with his official duties that he never found time to organize his ascetical principles in book form. All that he left in writing were some sketches of meditation, a few sermon outlines and prayers, and his letters to persons who sought his spiritual guidance. These indicate a profound and mystical grasp of divine love, a ready and wholehearted acceptance of God's will, and a genuine humility, as revealed in his beautiful "Litany of Humility" which he recited daily.

To supplement this material and to show the man as an example of virtue, this volume reviews his life from childhood, against the background of an aristocratic Spanish-English-Irish heritage, through his meteoric rise under Leo XIII, his tireless service and love for Saint Pius, and finally his comparative retirement until his death in 1930. Side by side with outstanding talents and great personal charm, it is evident that the Cardinal had truly pastoral outlook and loved to be with the young and the poor. The words written on his sarcophagus in Saint Peter's Basilica "Give me souls; take away all else" typify truly the constant motive of his life.

In the development of this spiritual biography, however, the author seems to allow his admiration and piety to run ahead of his proofs. A type of edification and unction result, but with little of the reality of challenge and conflict in which the Cardinal actually lived. Only once is reference made to the fact that the pontificate of Saint Pius X was, in many ways, a stormy and perilous one, full of controversy as well as "of strike and treachery." In the humble opinion of this reader, a much more vital, vigorous, convincing, and indeed heroic picture would have emerged of Cardinal Merry del Val, if these elements had been taken into the analysis and appraisal.

MONSIGNOR JAMES A. MAGNER.

WAR AND THE SOVIET UNION

By H. S. Dinerstein. 268 pages.
Praeger. \$5.50

The Rand Corporation is a nonprofit organization which has as one of its principal clients the U.S. Air Force, for which it undertakes various research projects. The work which went into this book (on nuclear weapons and the revolution in Soviet military and political thinking) was one of those projects. Mr. Dinerstein, a senior

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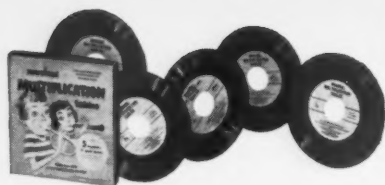
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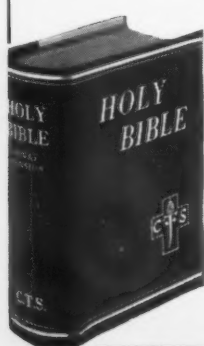
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Canon Fernand Van Steenberghen.
Templegate. 128 pages. \$3.75

"Ignorance has a knack of making complicated things look quite easy." With this thought in mind Canon Nuttin, author of the lead essay in this symposium by Belgian priests, pleads for the training of priest-specialists in the field of depth psychology. Apostles of "common sense" cannot let the discoveries of experimental psychology be consigned to the category of fads. Nor can Catholic psychologists be allowed to become split personalities, affirming the spiritual concept of man in the confessional box or at the altar rail but implicitly denying it in the laboratory or consultation room. A work of harmonization must still be achieved between the best discoveries of psychiatry and the unchanging realities of theology. Canon Nuttin rightly, I think, maintains that this integrated achievement should be the work of priest-specialists.

In a splendid paper on the nature of free activity, Canon Henri Widart is not at all afraid to face the nonvoluntary elements in the make-up of man. *Free men* are precisely those human beings in whom the nonvoluntary has been properly received, utilized, and transformed.

It is a rare experience to come across so perceptive an essay as Canon Jean Vieujean's "The Sense of Sin and its Deviations." The Christian sense of sin is properly analyzed as a normal asset for a man who is a responsible agent, involved in numerous relationships, centered in God yet capable of losing his balance, conscious of fault yet growing into freedom from it, needing to be healed and maturing into holiness as he pursues his unique destiny under the Providence of God. Normal guilt feelings are sharply contrasted with that morbid guilt which breeds so many crippling neuroses.

Abbé Fourneau's paper on priests and religious as teachers is somewhat disappointing and vague. There are mental meanderings without any obvious goal to the journey. One feels the need for a topic sentence occasionally.

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This book invites us to think as challengingly and as honestly as the men who wrote it.

AUGUSTINE PAUL HENNESSY, C. P.

SATAN AND CARDINAL CAMPBELL

By Bruce Marshall.
Houghton Mifflin.

205 pages.
\$3.50

Satan and Cardinal Campbell is a new Marshall novel about Mother Church in bonny Scotland. Its hero, Donald Dunwhinnie Campbell, is a Scottish gentleman (obviously much more refined than his vulgar Irish colleagues) who becomes a Catholic, a priest, and eventually a cardinal. Cardinal Campbell is a dignified creation with a convert's loneliness. In contrast, most of the other people are caricatures—not even a great Pope is spared.



Bruce Marshall

The dialogue is polemical and pedantic, rather than revealing of personality, and attempts to reflect American conversation are failures. In fact, the slang used by a midwestern nun is in such incredibly poor taste that we can only trust that Mr. Marshall, being a foreigner, just didn't appreciate what he was writing.

In length of years and geographical area, *Satan and Cardinal Campbell* covers half a century and much of the globe. It is highly critical of the state of things in general and of the Church in France, Spain, and the United States in particular; though it is the spirituality of the French and Spanish, and just the manners of the American clerics, that the Scottish cardinal finds so deplorable.

Despite its basic melancholy, *Satan and Cardinal Campbell* is written with Mr. Marshall's usual bouncing style; therefore, it will be doubtless very welcome to his devotees. To others it may seem rather didactic, with humor too contrived, to be a satisfactory novel.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE JOHN WOOD CASE

By Ruth Suckow.
Viking.

314 pages.
\$3.95

True to the maxim that a writer should create out of personal experiences. Ruth Suckow has drawn on her early life in a midwestern town for virtually all her novels and short stories. The daughter of an Iowa minister, she grew up in much the same sort of town that is the locale of *The John Wood Case*. In fact, in one of her autobiographical writings she recalls, while still a child learning, about a tragedy similar to the one unfolded in this novel.



Ruth Suckow

The plot is simple: how do people—the individual, his family, his friends, the people of the community—react when someone celebrated as an exemplar of virtue is discovered to be a thief? John Wood, a respected member of his church board, ignores his professed principles and embezzles huge sums of money from his employer, George Merriam, President of the Merriam Insurance and Loan Company. Without tricks or twists, the narrative details the consequences of its main character's breach of morality.

Foremost, there is the torment of John Wood's own conscience, his realization that he has betrayed his employer's trust and acted the hypocrite in his church. More important to John Wood, however, is the devastation his crime has wrought upon his family. Minnie, his invalid wife, rationalizes in favor of her husband. Philip, his son, a bright, handsome youth, fears that his entire future has been destroyed because of his father's irresponsibility.

Written with an unlabored effectiveness, *The John Wood Case* tells a simple story with profundity; it connotes dramatically the trials and the tribulations, the sadness and the joys of all humanity.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

THE RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY

By Alexander Cordell.
Doubleday.

335 pages.
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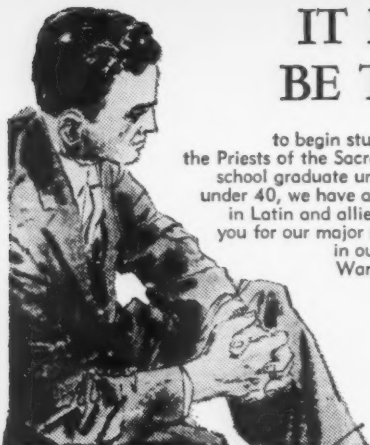
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such a sense of immediacy that the historical perspective drops away. It is difficult for the reader not to think that here are happenings in a Wales not farther away in time than in *How Green Was My Valley* and *The Corn Is Green*.

Mr. Cordell uses the pleasant lyrical Anglo-Cymric idioms that Richard Llewellyn introduced us to so delightfully, but he writes with a fiery explosiveness and also with a singing poetic tenderness that is closer in spirit to Dylan Thomas—or to Sean O'Casey.

It is fundamentally a story of the grinding injustices of the iron masters of the period and the fight against them. Mr. Cordell spares no details of poverty or maiming of men, women and children, who were little better than chattels. The faint glimmer of unionism appears but is easily throttled; and the Chartists went down to defeat, although in the years since, all but one of their demands has been met. But it is in the richness of incident and the color of his characterizations that Mr. Cordell excels. This is story-telling at its superb best, as fascinating for the non-Welshman as for Aneurin Bevan who, deeply moved when he read the English edition, properly called it "a tremendous book, an exciting book."

DORAN HURLEY.

TO BE A POLITICIAN

By Stimson Bullitt.
Doubleday.

190 pages.
\$3.50

Mr. Bullitt is a serious young lawyer from Seattle, who ran twice for Congress (beaten both times) and served as delegate to the National Convention in 1956.



S. Bullitt

Upon this slender base, the author has written a slim but concise work which might have been titled: "To be a human being"—for the book is as much concerned with the problems of every young American as it is with the dilemmas of the would-be politician. The book deals as much with values, ambitions, and challenges as it does with specific facts.

When he describes what it feels like to stand in a factory yard at 5 A.M. in order to shake the hands of factory workers passing by, what it's like to walk up to a man in the street, say "I'm running for Congress," and have the man stare at you with a "so-what" in his eyes and walk past—when he writes of these things—campaigning methods, both pure and impure, "deals," problems of loyalty and gratitude—he is at his best. When he sticks to actual experiences, his book moves right along.

But when he turns to philosophizing, which he does all too often, the book falls into a slump. His views of human nature and eternal values resemble those of the New England transcendentalists of Emerson's and Thoreau's time. Like them, he stresses self-reliance, individuality, hard-headedness—"thinking for oneself." But, like all philosophies which do not build toward a theology, his ideas tumble out one after another and lead nowhere.

I doubt that Mr. Bullitt's views are settled. He seems too intelligent to settle for a creed of opportunism. He wants the answers for himself as a man, not simply as a politician. And, as a view of what earnest young men—in contrast to "beat" ones—are thinking, this is a good manifesto, with which you may not agree, but which you should find enjoyable and stimulating.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

COLLISION COURSE

By Alvin Moscow.
Putnam.

316 pages.
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Alvin Moscow

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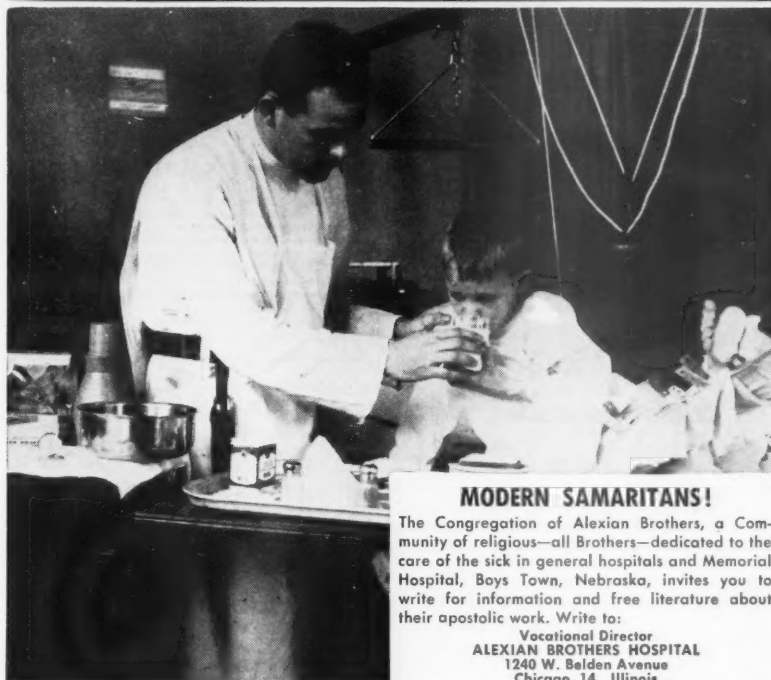
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BERLIN'S DEFIANT YOUNG CARDINAL

(Continued from page 24)

ecclesiastical architecture, he launched a model reconstruction program for the many war-damaged churches and seminaries in the area. He also made Church land available for family housing projects and even inaugurated a Catholic daily paper.

In January 1957 came news of his appointment to Berlin, where his work doubled because of Communist obstruction and thinly veiled persecution.

To raise the spirits of Catholics and give them a greater sense of unity despite Berlin's divided status, the young Cardinal has organized numerous conferences and retreats, which he himself often gives. For a *Katholikentag* held last summer, 150,000 Catholics, many of them from the Zone, jammed West Berlin's Olympic Stadium.

In order to get the most out of each day, Cardinal Doepfner rises invariably at 4 A.M. and follows a fast-paced 18-hour schedule that leaves his aides limp. His only relaxation is a long walk now and then in West Berlin's huge public park, the Gruenwald. A fervent mountain climber since his youth, he finds no opportunity for this in Berlin's flat landscape. For his annual vacation, however, he likes to head for the Swiss Alps or the Italian Dolomites (taking time off on the way to visit his native village of Hausen and see his two brothers and a sister, who are small farmers like their father before them).

However tight his schedule, he drops everything when one of his parish priests from the Zone knocks at his office door. Their reports of increasing state oppression are the black side of the picture. On the other hand, they can point to evidence of the intense religious life in East German parishes, the number of new vocations each year, the many cases of quiet heroism of people who refuse to compromise their Catholic Faith.

One such case, for example, involved a fourteen-year-old boy, the son of devout parents living in the Soviet-controlled Zone. By refusing to take part in the "youth dedication" ceremony for his class, he sacrificed all chance for a higher education.

One day the boy crossed over into West Berlin to visit a priest who was an old family friend.

"What will you do now?" he was asked.

The boy shrugged. "I wanted to be a journalist, but now that is out of the question 'over there.' There is nothing left for me but to go into a factory. It wasn't what I wanted, but perhaps it is the best place for someone in East Germany today to give witness to Christ."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

I find your magazine more fair and unbiased in regard to unions and management than most Catholic periodicals. (I am really fed up with the pro-union articles found in most magazines—always "whitewashing," more than exposing, their tactics).

MRS. HELEN C. REEDY

KANSAS CITY, KANS.

I heartily approve of your editorial policy. Please keep up the good work. The wage earners and factory workers of our country need a gallant defender to look out for their interests and it is quite evident that our secular papers and magazines care little about them!

Please continue your forthright manner. . . .

BERNARD A. HOFFMAN

MUNCIE, KANSAS

In renewing my subscription, I do so with the hope that you will continue your position re labor unions. As a lifetime union member, it is refreshing to know that there are some people who still understand, and do not ignore, the fundamental principles of unionism, that the majority of unionists and their leaders are sincere, honest, and dedicated men and women, and that the exaggerated publicity concerning a few wrongdoers is intended to discredit the entire labor movement. It is my belief that unions, such as the one to which I belong, are necessary to protect and defend the rights of working people in a morally corrupt economic system.

H. JOSEPH BEEKER

Mr. EPHRAIM, N. J.

LIBERALS

I read with pleasure your editorial "Can a Catholic be a Liberal?" (April). It's nothing short of tragic to see how completely the word "liberal" has been a tarbrush for the specious Catholics who equate trade unions, social legislation, and the liberating force of Catholic Action with the devil of the New Deal. Few are more vehemently "for the Church" than those liberal reactionaries who think of it as a benevolent policeman.

REV. JOHN P. MONAGHAN, PH.D.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Congratulations on your editorial, "Can a Catholic be a Liberal?" It takes courage to point out that the writings of a few Catholic columnists are at best ignorant and at worst dishonest. . . .

LEO P. BROPHY

Bel Air, Md.

In today's terminology no good Catholic can afford to be a "Liberal." Our Blessed Mother has warned us many times of the evils of easy thinking and easy actions. May she guide you—and your writers—to the positive approach—in foreign affairs—particularly in affairs at home!

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